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### ANOTHER FAMOUS VICTORY.

It was an autumn evening:
Old Caspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

And as he sat and smoked, he saw
That little maid draw near,
A holding in her little palm
A severed human ear,
While o'er the field appeared in view
Of human segments not a few

Her brother James came likewise with
The little cart he owns,
Quite filled with legs and arms and dis-
Located collar bones.
Old Caspar looked, and then quoth he
"It was a famous victoree."

"Across the field are stains of gore,
And whitening bones I see,
As evidence undoubted twas
A famous victoree,
And there is proof to back my claim
That twas a daisy football game"
—America.

# A DETECTIVE.

As I pinned on my new shield, on being installed a member of the detective force of a young western city, my first wish was for an opportunity to show my superiors and the public the metal I was made of.

An occasion was not long waiting. An adroit forgery came to light, of which one of the city banks had been the victim, and a large reward was offered for the capture of the perpetrators.

Facts tended to fasten suspicion on a young merchant who had lately failed under questionable circumstances, and whose disappearance shortly after the forgery, had first led to coupling his name with the affair.

Evidence sufficient to justify his arrest was at length accumulated, and orders were given by our chief for his apprehension on sight.

Here was the chance I had longed for. The shrewdest of the force had failed to gain any trace of the fugitive. Could I but strike the trail and run the game to earth while so many were at fault, I would be a made man, to say nothing of the reward to be pocketed.

Opinion was much divided as to whether Nimblenib—that was the forger's name—was concealed in the city, or whether he had gone into hiding elsewhere.

One day I thought it could do no harm to take a jaunt of observation to a neighboring city.

Entering the train early, I selected a place which gave a good opportunity to observe the passengers as they arrived, which I made it my business to do while pretending to be busy with the morning paper.

A genteel looking man of middle age seemingly shared the seat with me, and by degrees we fell into conversation.

"You belong to the detective force, I perceive," remarked the stranger, glancing at the badge which a slight derangement of the lapel of my coat had left partly exposed.

Blushing at the inadvertence, I hastened to conceal the tell tale token.

"By the way," he continued, "that scamp, Nimblenib, must be a sharp fellow so long to avoid the vigilance of you gentry."

"We'll have him yet," I replied with the air of a man who knew a good deal more than he chose to tell.

"It's to be hoped so," returned the stranger dryly. "I suppose you would recognize him if you saw him."

"On the spot," I said confidently.

"You have seen him, then?"

"No, but I have his description so accurately that I could pick him out from a thousand."

"Don't be too sure of that," my companion answered. "Now I have seen Dick Nimblenib fifty times and would know him at a glance, but never by the printed descriptions I have seen—but stay—as I live!"

The stranger gave a start of astonishment, and before I could inquire the reason, added in a suppressed tone:

"Don't look, at present, at the person of whom I'm going to speak. He sits on the end next us of the third seat in front, on the opposite side. Wait a moment and then scan him cautiously."

I did as directed, and saw a young gentleman whose face wore a disturbed expression as he kept glancing about anxiously.

"Do you know him?" I inquired.

"I do," whispered the stranger.

"Who is he?"

"Dick Nimblenib."

I half sprang to my feet, my purpose being to arrest the man on the spot. The stranger's hand on my arm restrained me.

"Not so fast," said he, "or you may spoil all. Though not a professional, I'll give you a bit of advice for what it's worth. Keep the man in sight till he leaves the train, then follow him to his hiding place, where you'll have a chance not only to find such confirmatory proofs as shall remove all doubt of his guilt, but may succeed in bagging his accomplices."

The advice seemed so wise that I determined to follow it.

At the next station the stranger, who told me his name was Pilchard, took his leave, wishing success to my enterprise.

The young man forward, from whom I scarce once removed my eyes, grew more fidgety as the time passed. His looks wandered distrustfully from side to side, and as each new comer entered his startled manner betrayed a feeling akin to fright.

Station after station was passed, but, though his agitation increased every moment, the young man never left his seat. Patiently as a cat in ambush I kept watch, longing for the moment to make the fatal spring.

It was growing dusk when we stopped at a large town, where fifteen minutes were allowed for supper.

There was a general rush of the passengers, and in the confusion I lost sight of my man. He had certainly passed out with the crowd. I should probably find him in the supper room. I went through it, but he was not there. I searched high and low, he was nowhere to be found.

The last thing to do was to keep watch as the passengers returned to take their places. With the vigilance of a sentinel I paced the platform by the side of the waiting train, but he did not return.

I exhausted inquiry and description, but in vain. I could gain no trace of the missing forger. How I blamed my stupidity in allowing him to slip through my fingers, and all through giving heed to the shallow advice of that officious Pilchard. How could I have been such a donkey!

Another train would leave in a couple of hours. Possibly Nimblenib might resume his journey on that, thinking to break his trail by the interval. There was nothing better than to wait and see.

The time passed slowly, but my patience was rewarded at last.

A carriage drove up, and who should step out but the person I was seeking, followed by a lady to whom he offered his arm.

I advanced and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"I have orders to arrest you," I said.

The man seemed thunderstruck, and the lady uttered a scream.

"I have done nothing to make me amenable to the law," said the former, recovering himself with an effort.

"You'll have an opportunity to prove that," I answered, "but my present duty is to take you into custody."

Before I had time to answer a stout, florid old gentleman came bustling from a train which had just arrived, and, catching sight of my prisoner and his companion, began to berate them soundly.

"This man is under my protection," I said, addressing the choleric stranger, "and I cannot permit him to be abused."

"I don't see what business it is of yours," returned the testy gentleman.

"He is my prisoner," I said with dignity.

"Your prisoner," he exclaimed. "I know the rascal deserves hanging for running away with my niece—leastways she ran away yesterday and he followed her today, it seems. I got on their track by accident, but I don't see what concern it is of yours."

"I have arrested him on a charge of forgery," I explained.

"The more fool you!" was the abrupt retort. "Whatever objections I may have to Ned Parsons marrying my niece, he's an honest fellow, and no more a forger than yourself!"

"You're mistaken in person," I replied. "This is Richard Nimblenib."

"You're an ass!" was the reply I got.

"Don't let him harm Ned, dear uncle," pleaded the lady coaxingly.

"If he touches a hair of the dog's head I'll have the law of him!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"You see we were married an hour ago," continued the lady, "and it can't be helped now. Won't you forgive and bless us, uncle, dear?"

A light dawned upon me. Instead of catching a forger, I had only been marring a wedding. At any rate, one good came of it. My interference had so completely turned the uncle's wrath against myself that he answered his niece's last request with a grunt that had more of "yes" than "no" in it.

I quietly took the next train for home. After an hour or two of not very pleasant meditation, a slap on the shoulder broke my reverie. It was my friend Sergt Spottem who had come aboard at the last station.

"I say Bill, I'm in luck," he cried.

"How so?"

"I've just nabbed Nimblenib and have him under guard in the smoking car. Come and take a look at him."

I accompanied my friend, and whom do you think I discovered in the person of the forger? None other than the affable Mr Pilchard, who had given me such good advice in the morning, and whose perfect disguise had completely baffled my power of recognition by description.

I felt that I was not specially called to be a detective, and faced the fact with resignation.—Philadelphia Call.

### Poisonous Poultry.

"Here you are. Eight cents a pound," cried fifty or more men in long woolen frocks as I pressed my way through the crowd which blocked up the sidewalk around Washington market on Saturday afternoon. The stalls along the Washington and Vesey street sides of the market contained tons of poultry and a motley crowd of women and men were pushing and pulling each other in the scramble to get what was being sold at eight cents a pound.

Turkeys, chickens, geese and ducks were going off like hot cakes and almost for a song. The crowd who were buying up this "bargain" in poultry was composed chiefly of women who wore shawls and carried large market baskets on their arms. Beside these were a class of women whose appearance indicated that they were the landladies of second and third rate boarding houses. The men who formed a part of this rushing, eager throng wore the garb of laborers, and their hands bore the evidence of a hard day's toil.

What kind of poultry were these people buying for their Sunday dinner at eight cents a pound? some will ask who are accustomed to being charged from twelve to fifteen cents a pound for chickens, and from sixteen to twenty two cents for turkeys, ducks and geese.

They were buying poultry that had been shipped but delayed on the road, and when it reached the commission merchants was heated, and when exposed to the air turned green. The commission merchant must dispose of this class of goods at once, so he notifies these men who handle this class of poultry on the outside stalls of the large markets and the dealers throughout the city, and they respond promptly to the summons for it is the only class of poultry they deal in.

These dealers purchase in large quantities and doctor up this already unfit to eat poultry, and can afford to sell it for eight cents a pound and make a fair profit at that. How do they do it? They soak it in ice water for twenty four hours, dry it, hang it up in their stalls, and sell it for fresh poultry to the throng of people I have described. Some of these people buy this poisonous food, believing it to be just what the dealer declares it to be, while others buy with a full knowledge of the quality and visit the markets for the express purpose of buying it, as they have done hundreds of times before. This same class of people buy tainted meats, and simply for the reason that they are cheap.—New York Herald.

### A Peculiarity of Human Nature.

A man who has always resided in Delhi and is well known answered an advertisement for an agent and received a request to have some of the business men recommend him to be honest. He procured some signatures, which he sent the firm, and received a box of goods. Not having the money to pay the express charges (seventy cents) he applied to the indorsers for that amount, but he could not get a cent from any one of them. He was honest enough to handle other people's goods to the amount of $50 but couldn't be trusted with seventy cents of their money.—Oneonta Herald.

### Stingy When Writing.

It is a strange fact that most women are niggardly with their stationery. They may entertain their friends sumptuously, and wear the costliest raiment. They may even be extravagant in other respects, but in the matter of stationery they are absolutely stingy, and will cross and recross their pages rather than use another sheet of note paper. In affairs of this kind men are, as a rule, lavish and careless, and refrain from the discourtesy and unkindness of inflicting an almost unreadable letter on their friends.—Bow Bells.

### Born for a Brakeman.

Railroad Superintendent—I regret that you are incapacitated for further service, but accidents will happen, you know. Do you know of a good man for your place?

Railroad Brakeman (who has only his thumbs left)—Yes sir, I know one who would last you a good deal longer than I did. You'll find him over at the dime museum. He has sixteen fingers.—New York Weekly.

### Facts About the Camel.

Seven miles an hour is the camel's limit, nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour. When a camel is pressed beyond his speed, and is spent, it kneels down and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under its nose is useless.—Boston True Flag.

## TRICKS OF SHOWMEN.

### How the White Elephants of Forepaugh and Barnum Were Secured.

Old showmen who traveled with the late Adam Forepaugh or were intimately acquainted with him for many years have countless stories to tell about the veteran circus man and his long career under the canvas. Perhaps one of the most interesting tales is that which gives the real history of the famous white elephant, which is now a historic animal, but whose artificial color has long been well known to those who were attached to the Forepaugh show. An old circus man, who was in Adam Forepaugh's employ for many successive seasons, tells the story:

"When Barnum announced that he had procured a sacred white elephant Adam Forepaugh made up his mind that he must have one at once. Not long afterward he proclaimed that he had secured a genuine white elephant from Siam with extreme difficulty and at a cost of $50,000. This so called sacred white elephant was merely a small elephant worth about $3,500 that had been painted with a preparation devised by a man that used to work for Barnum at Bridgeport, Conn. Of course the elephant was not pure white, but a full gray, and in a manner that can hardly be accounted for, even eminent scientific men who examined the animal were deceived into the belief that the color was really natural, notwithstanding the expenditure of an immense sum of money by Barnum's people in their endeavors to prove the elephant bogus. The elephant was touched off with the preparation about every other day and on Sunday it was fixed up for the coming week. On Monday morning the elephant always appeared surprisingly bright, but along toward the end of the week the color became so dingy that visitors often asked which was the white elephant.

"In 1884 when Forepaugh had his white elephant in his show an embassy from Siam visited the country for a tour through the states. The Siamese and the show chanced to be in Chicago at the same time and Forepaugh's agent saw a chance to work the foreigners for a big card. The scheme was to get the Siamese visitors to attend the show, take a look at the sacred Siamese white elephant and thereby get a big advertisement out of it. After four days of hard work the agent succeeded in getting the embassy to visit the show. They passed the white elephant without comment, watched part of the performance and then went out, pausing in the menagerie tent to take another look at the elephants. Adam Forepaugh, in his shirt sleeves, stood at the gate, and, seeing the Siamese gentlemen, he rushed to them and gave the Siamese prince who led the party, a rousing slap on the back and said: 'There, now, prince, ain't that the kind of elephants you have in your country?' The foreigners, none of whom understood English except the interpreter, looked at Mr Forepaugh in amazement at his familiarity, and then quickly departed. The agents, who had worked so hard to get the Siamese visitors into the show, nearly fainted at what Mr Forepaugh did.

"The white elephant appeared on the bills and in the show until interest in the animal began to flag and then it was suddenly announced that the sacred creature had died, having been unable to stand the climate. Mr Forepaugh fixed his loss at $50,000, and an admiring public gave him its sympathy. The truth of the matter was that the elephant was washed off and turned in with the herd. It has been with the show ever since, being billed of late years as John L Sullivan, and doing a boxing act in the ring. The once famous white elephant is now in the winter quarters at Front street and Lehigh avenue. Barnum's white elephant was no more genuine than this one. They merely sandpapered off the rough outside hide until it began to show pink."—Philadelphia Record.

### A Graphite Shell.

Quite a curious relic of the bombardment of this stand off city, some five-and twenty years ago was turned up by the workmen at the north pier of the custom house wharf while digging for a foundation. This rust covered memento is nothing more nor less than a shell all loaded, primed and ready for business, which has lain imbedded twenty feet deep in the salt mud ever since it was thrown into the city by one of Gen Gillmore's guns during that interesting period of "the late unpleasantness." These mementoes of the "Swamp Angel" are not infrequently dug up around the city by workmen while excavating for building purposes, but the remarkable thing about this one is that it has been completely converted into graphite by the action of its salt surroundings. It is about a foot and a half long and several inches in diameter and still wears a villainous look, which makes one a little careful in handling it, especially when attention is called to the percussion caps which protrude innocently from the end.—Charleston News.

### Guests Always Weighed.

The Prince of Wales has long instituted a pleasing custom of weighing both the coming and the parting guests. At the first convenient opportunity, after being shown to his bedroom the guest is weighed, the entry made in a book and he is weighed again on the morning of his departure. The book in which this record is kept is a bulky volume, perhaps one of the most interesting collections of autographs in the world. Among other signatures is that of "Salisbury," with the portentous announcement following that on his last visit to Sandringham the premier weighed just over eighteen stone, a record not to be regarded without uneasiness even by a person of Lord Salisbury's inches.—Northern Echo.

### A Woman's Respect for a Man.

That which a girl in any walk of life admires in the opposite sex is a man, not that half bred combination known as a dude. The lack of true manliness is felt through all grades of the social strata. The lady in the parlor and the maid in the kitchen alike scorn an effeminate man. It is perfectly natural for a woman to look up to and regard with almost a feeling of reverence the brave and noble in men, for the more she engages in pursuits that were exclusively his at one time and the more he retires from his own realm, or rests on his oars entirely, the greater will be the independence women will feel in their own abilities to provide for themselves.—Detroit News.

### Ants as Miners.

It is said by experts in the west that probably the most laborious as well as the most regular mining for gems is done by the ants in Arizona and Colorado. Either because the ants want the pebbles as an outer covering for their hills or because they object to them inside, they frequently make about their dwellings a glittering spread of stones of all sorts among them amethysts, topazes and other valuable jewels. People in the neighborhoods where such ant works are carried on take the hint very often and, collecting the stones, send them to the east, especially to New York city, where they are often sold at good prices.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The director of the Paris exposition figures out that $250,000,000 was spent in the city by strangers during its continuance.

### The Human Eye.

Science gives us interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The Vedas of India, which are the most ancient written documents, attest that at times most remote but still recorded in history only two colors were known—black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye could perceive the color yellow, and a still longer time before green could be distinguished, and it is remarkable that in the most ancient language the term which designated yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green. The Greeks had, according to the generally received opinion, the perception of colors very highly developed, and yet authors of a more recent date assure us that in the time of Alexander the Great the Greek painters knew but four colors, viz white, black, red and yellow.

The words to designate blue and violet were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history, they calling these colors gray and black. It is thus the colors in the rainbow were only distinguished gradually and the great Aristotle only knew four of them. It is a well known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed there remains outside the limit of the blue and violet in the spectrum a distinct impression which our eyes do not recognize as a color. Physiologists tell us that it is reasonable to suppose that as the color organ becomes more highly developed, and even before the human eye becomes perfect, this outside band will evolve into a color perfectly discernible.—Chicago Times.

### THE EIGHT STAGES.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by a sterner rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams
Full of promise life now seems.

Only a man
Battling with life
Shared in now by a loving wife.

Only a father
Burdened with care
Silver threads in dark brown hair

Only a graybeard,
Toddling again
Growing old and full of pain

Only a mound,
O'ergrown with grass
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.
—Boston Traveller.

# MY STRANGE PASSENGER.

We were on our way from Hong Kong to Foochow on the coasting steamer Namoa, writes Ernest Wilkinson, U S N, in The Washington Evening Star, when Capt N, my "fidus Achates" of the voyage, looked at the gathering clouds to the westward and remarked: "I hope it won't rain before we get into Amoy, we are just thirty miles away."

"How do you know the distance so exactly, captain?"

"Look at that rock, and over beyond it you can see through a rift in the clouds a little speck like a pin point on the top of that black mountain. The pin point is a tall pagoda on that high cliff, and the pagoda is as good a signboard for this town as if that whole black cliff were painted in white letters a mile high and half a mile wide—A M O Y. I never see either the pagoda or the city that a cold chill does not run over me."

"Will you tell me why, captain?"

"Certainly, but it's a long story, well, here goes.

"Amoy was one of the first treaty ports in China open to foreign commerce, and for a long time the noted hatred of the Chinese for foreigners was more intense than at any other port. I was then captain of a steamer on the first line plying between Amoy and the English colony of Hong Kong, some two hundred miles away.

"One cloudy evening in November I went ashore in Amoy to make a few final preparations for my ship's departure the next day. While on shore I noticed that my footsteps were dogged by a disreputable looking coolie, who approached me with great earnestness in his manner as soon as we had reached a comparatively open spot where the growing darkness shut out the teeming hordes of a Chinese city. I saw that it would be impossible to avoid an encounter if this strange follower should prove to be a highwayman.

"So carrying my hand to my hip pocket, where I felt the friendly "grip" of my revolver, I waited for the man to come closer. I then saw that the coolie was in great distress and moved by his earnestness, I stopped to listen to his tale. The man explained, in Chinese and "pidgin" English, that he had a brother in jail who was to be beheaded in two days more for capsizing in a sailboat and drowning his passenger, a mandarin's son. The mandarin, bent on revenge, had thrown the boatman into prison, where the farce of a trial had been gone through with, and the innocent man had been doomed to die. The coolie said that his family were all wretchedly poor, but that they had managed, by the sale of most of their belongings, to raise money enough to bribe the jailer to allow the prisoner to escape, and all that was necessary to save his life was to get him away on some vessel to the nearest foreign colony. The poor creature fell on his knees and implored me to save his brother's life.

"He would give me anything—everything he had—only to give the hunted creature a hiding place, to save a fellow being from the headsman's ax! All this was muttered between broken sobs, and the poor man wept as if it were he himself who was only to see two more suns rise before the earth would drink up his life blood.

"I felt my sympathies intensely excited, and yet I knew the treacherous nature of the Chinese and the danger in interfering with their ideas of justice, and, wishing either to test the truth of his story or to prevail upon the coolie to choose some other means for his brother's escape, I said: 'I'll stow him away and carry him down to Hong Kong for five hundred taels' (about five hundred and fifty dollars), thinking that such a price would be utterly beyond the coolie's means. The poor man seemed staggered at the enormity of the sum, a large fortune to one of his class, but he rallied in a moment and said he supposed he would have to pay it, that it was a fearful sum that he was very poor, and to raise so much money his family would have to sell all they owned, but he must save his brother's life; if the captain insisted he would have to pay it.

"My sympathies were now still more keenly aroused, and seeing that the unwelcome passenger would be sent and not caring either to break my word or to profit by the poor wretch's misfortunes, I said: 'Well I'll do it for the regular fare (about ten dollars), bring him down to the wharf at 11 30, I am going off to my ship then.'

"The coolie seemed overpowered with joy, and was still 'kow towing' his thanks as I moved away and he disappeared in the darkness.

"I had no sooner reached the wharf, about 11 45 p m, than I was touched by the same coolie, who now offered himself as 'sampan' man. I followed him to the boat, and there saw another man as poorly clad as his brother. When we shoved off I noticed both were very clumsy with their oars, but as my ship was close to the wharf we were soon alongside.

"Here I handed my overcoat to the boatman and he picked up a bundle tied Chinese fashion in a large handkerchief, and we went on board, leaving my new acquaintance in the boat. I sent my steward forward on an errand that would detain him for a few moments, and then had the coolie deposit his bundle in a small closet in the cabin and told him that that must be his brother's hiding place until we put to sea, and that he must be quick to get into it.

"At a motion over the side the condemned man sprang out of the boat, which he had made fast to the gangway, and slid noiselessly aft through the cabin and into the closet. I turned the lock and put the key in my pocket.

"But as he passed the cabin lamp, curiosity had led me to take a searching glance at my strange passenger, and, in spite of his unkempt hair and soiled and tattered clothes, his light complexion and refined features revealed in the coolie's brother (?) a Chinaman of the higher classes.

"I then tried to scrutinize the boatman, but the man's back was to the light, and, the steward returning just then, I paid my sampan fare and my strange acquaintance departed.

"I turned in wondering who my mysterious passenger might be, and my thoughts were not without vague misgivings of the noted treachery of the Chinese.

"I woke early, and had hardly begun dressing before a herald came to inform me that the viceroy of the province desired to see me at his 'yamen' at 10 that morning. This strange summons I at once connected with my harboring an escaped prisoner, and, full of vague distrust, I had almost decided either to put to sea two hours before the advertised time, noon, and so temporarily avoid any explanations, or to plead press of business, and refuse to obey an almost royal command. Disturbed by such doubts, I hardly felt relieved when another herald came to say that the viceroy had concluded as he desired to see the ship, to visit the captain, and that my presence at the 'yamen' would be excused.

"Such a thing as a viceroy visiting in state a merchant vessel was almost unprecedented, and I began to fear that I was implicated in the escape of a political prisoner of high rank.

"Now the customary official messengers began to pour in—first, two clad in robes of state announced that his excellency would arrive in half an hour, then four more that he was coming in ten minutes, then four horsemen, gaudily caparisoned, rode down to the wharf, where I was now waiting, to say that their master would arrive in five minutes; then a procession of liveried servants, bearing aloft on high poles red sign boards, on which all the virtues under the sun were ascribed in Chinese characters to their lord; soldiers with flags and swords and spears, men with whips and gongs to clear the way, mandarins on horseback, lictors with long pheasants' tails in their caps, and a large rabble on foot—all proclaimed that his excellency had arrived. Alighting from a gorgeous green sedan chair, borne by sixteen men in livery, he greeted me most politely and accepted my invitation to take passage in my gig off to the ship. A large portion of his escort followed, occupying a small fleet of sampans.

"The viceroy was ushered into the cabin, and, strange to say, selected a chair immediately in front of the door of the closet in which the refugee was concealed.

"After a few courtesies had been exchanged, I was informed through an interpreter that Prince Ichang, the leader of an insurrection, who had been captured and condemned to be beheaded, had made his escape. Suspicion, they said, seemed to point to his being secreted on board my ship; a sampan had been seen to go alongside of her the night before about midnight, it reached the ship with two boatmen and one foreigner, and returned to the shore with only one man, and he made off in great haste as soon as he had landed, leaving the sampan adrift. 'Of course the captain knew nothing about the escaped prisoner, and so he could have no objections to allowing the ship to be searched.'

"This was subtly put. To refuse to allow it would be tantamount to an acknowledgment that the man was on board, and would cost me my place in a company whose interest it was to placate the unfriendly Chinese. To allow the ship to be searched involved the possible discovery of the man, and in that case his recapture and certain death, as well as my own dismissal from the company.

"Either course might endanger the lives of the foreign community in Amoy, against whom the hatred of the Chinese needed only a pretext to begin a general massacre. I felt the color come and go in my cheeks and for a moment I thought of delivering the refugee up to certain death, saying that when I took him on board I was not aware of the nature of the offense and then revulsion of feeling came over me. I thought 'this man has trusted his life in my hands and, hunted criminal that he is, I will not betray him.'

"All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and when I turned to the viceroy I felt the same spirit of helpless yet indomitable defiance that every true sailor feels in the fury of the storm. I said quietly: 'Certainly, your excellency, my steward will turn over the keys to your servants but they will find no such man on board my ship.'

"The search party went all over the ship directed by the crew, and after probing into corners and peering in amongst the bales of silk and boxes of tea, no stranger was found. This was reported to the viceroy, who said: 'You have not searched this cabin, do so.' I was wild with excitement and alarm, but my relief was intense when my furtive glance showed me that the search party did not dare to ask their master to move from in front of the door. This relief was of short duration, for he again asked if they had searched everywhere. 'Everywhere except in that apartment behind your excellency's chair. We will look there, too, where is the key?' I now became thoroughly frightened, and fumbling for some loophole to escape, I told the viceroy that that was a locker where I kept my wines, and—I was ashamed to confess it to so high a ruler under the 'Son of Heaven'—that I sometimes hid opium and other contraband articles there. Would his excellency forgive me if I begged that that place be left unopened, as my peccadilloes, if discovered, would cost me my post as captain. 'In that case,' said the viceroy, 'I will save you from trouble by inspecting myself, the key?'

"Doubtful whether to confess my complicity or to brave it through, I thought of the mysterious nature of the whole affair, and hoped that the strange passenger might in some mysterious manner have escaped. This straw of hope that drowning desperation clung to saved the day. I reached in my pocket, and with trembling fingers pulled out the key.

"The viceroy unlocked the door, opened it, and closed it hastily behind him.

"My nerves were then so wrought upon that I could almost have heard the dew fall, and I fancied I heard a word within spoken very low. Then the door opened again, and there was a rustle of silken robes, the door closed, and the viceroy said in Chinese, 'No one there!'

"I felt my heart throb with one great bound, and things seemed to reel around me. When I recovered my composure enough to look up with pleased and grateful eyes I saw an expression I thought I recognized, and in an instant I knew what my own unstrung nerves and the regal robes had before concealed—the miserable coolie of the night before was none other than the viceroy of the province of Fuh-kied, the absolute ruler of twenty five million of people. I had no longer a doubt that my mysterious passenger and the royal fugitive were the same and that the viceroy himself was conniving at his escape.

"The ship sailed on time, and Prince Ichang was landed safely in Hong Kong, where he lived under English protection until a severe illness let him have that privilege most mortals enjoy—of dying with his head on.

"Subsequent developments pointed to the fact that the viceroy was influenced not only by personal friendship, but by an enormous bribe with which the rich prince bought his head, and that, fearing the treachery of any of his subordinates, he had planned and executed the escape entirely alone. Of my betraying him he had no fear, as the word of a 'foreign devil' would then weigh nothing in a Chinese court.

"Two years afterward I received from the viceroy of Kwang Tung a gorgeous pair of vases and some magnificent embroideries, 'in gratitude for past hospitalities,' and I found that my coolie friend had been promoted to the government of one of the largest provinces of the empire."—True Flag.

### The Engine of Civilization.

Great Editor (severely)—There was no baseball news in the paper today.

Local Man—But, sir, baseball isn't played in the winter, and I've exhausted all the new club rumors, new association fakes and reports of possible changes of one sort and another. There isn't a scrap more I can get hold of.

"Then print the old scraps over again. You don't suppose I want to lose all my subscribers, do you?"—New York Weekly.

### A Plumber's Happy Secret.

A retired plumber thus gives a point for the gratuitous relief of housekeepers: "Just before retiring at night pour into the clogged pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the 'trap' or bent part of the pipe. Be sure that no water runs into it until the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away and clear the pipe clean as new."—New York Journal.

### Too Independent.

He was tall, unshaved and independent, and he came from Findlay. He had just leased some oil land down in the field, and was "signing up" the lease in a St Clair street real estate office.

"What's your wife's name?" inquired the clerk who was filling out the instrument.

"Barbara," he replied.

"Barbara what?"

"Barbara M."

"What does the M stand for?"

"Well, durned if I know."

"What! Don't know what the middle initial of your wife's name stands for?"

"Nope."

"Why, man, how long have you been married?"

"'Bout forty-four years."

"Been married forty four years and don't know your wife's middle name?"

"Yep."

"Well, why didn't you ever ask her?"

"Ask her? Why, I'm too durned independent to ask her, that's why, young feller!"—Toledo Blade.

### A Colored Prodigy.

A little colored girl was seen in a Memphis book store. She came in while a good many others were in the store, and for a time stood back. Presently a clerk found time to wait on her, and piloted her over to the school books and asked her what she would have. Of course he imagined that she wanted a second or third reader, or an arithmetic, perhaps. Imagine his dismay when she asked for a copy of Xenophon. Yes, she wanted Xenophon and no other. She had translated Homer from lid to lid, she had read Zeno, and as mere pastime wanted to read Xenophon. That she spoke truly there is no reason to doubt. She was a quadroon, and perhaps eighteen years of age.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Who Would Be Grandmother?

The French actress does not seem to have learned the art of growing old. Thus there came the time in the career of the great actress, Mlle Mars, when in the opinion of her manager (and, for that matter, her public), she ought to be cast for more elderly characters than had been allotted her. M Scribe wrote for her a comedy entitled "The Grandmother" and read it aloud to her on the day it was completed. The title role was intended for her.

"Capital!" exclaimed mademoiselle, clapping her hands in childish delight. "Of course I shall play the granddaughter, but who is to play the grandmother?"—Detroit Free Press.

### How to Get Rid of Rats.

Rats will eat anything, from shortbread to slippers but so cunning are they that unless aniseseed is sprinkled on the trap after setting they smell the human hand and keep aloof. The barrel remedy is worth trying. Fill a barrel with chaff leaving at the top some choice morsel to tempt the rat's appetite and an inviting stick leaning against the side. Do this for three nights and then on the fourth night fill the barrel two thirds with water and one-third with chaff. The rats, thrown off their guard by previous immunity, will mount the ladder gayly and meet their fate in the treacherous ocean below.—New York Journal.

### Canvassing for Votes.

A candidate for postmaster in Belleville, N J, originated a novel method in canvassing for a political appointment. He at first started out to make a house to house canvass, but, finding that his two opponents were liable to beat him, he hired an organ grinder and his monkey. The wandering musician passed from house to house, and at each the monkey was handed an envelope with one of the candidate's circulars in it, which he carried to the window of the house, and if the window was not open he left it on the sill. In this way the candidate placed his claims before the people.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### One of the Profession.

A very tiny boy stood on tiptoes and tried to look in at the box office of an up town theatre just before the performance. The ticket seller protruded the upper part of his body through the window and gazed down at him.

"Say, mister," the manikin demanded, "do yer pass de perfesh?"

"Yes, when we know them. Who are you?"

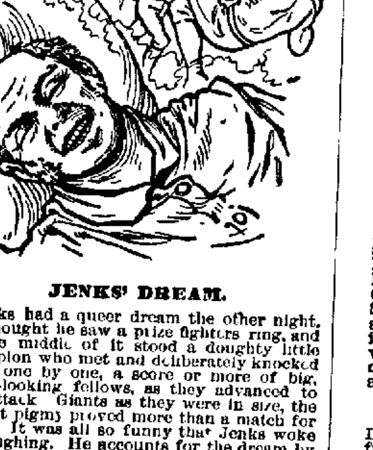
"I'm de clapper in de 'Midnight Bell.'"

He was passed.—New York Herald.

### Cumulative Evidence.

Justice—I dislike to interrupt counsel, Mr McCady, but it seems useless to hear further argument from you.

Mr McCady—I beg that your honor will hear me through. This alibi is not the only one my client can establish. He has another much stronger yet.—Epoch.

JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize fighters ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

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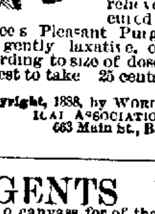

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# The Bucks County Gazette

**JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.**

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO LEADERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.


THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1890.

—The Chinese in San Jose, Cal., lease property from a white man for twelve months in the year, and charge their tenants for thirteen months, there being thirteen months in the Chinese year.

—A somewhat remarkable discussion of the question "Do Men's Heads Swell," is going on in England. It is asserted there in the affirmative that Mr. Gladstone's head has grown so that hats which fitted him five years ago can no longer be worn by him.

—A church which desired to get rid of an aged pastor who had long served it, says the Christian Inquirer, held a meeting to consider the matter. After considerable discussion, one of the deacons who had hitherto said nothing, getting impatient, arose and said: "Mr. Cheerman, I move that Mr. H.'s usefulness in this 'ere field comes to an eend arter to-night." The motion was carried.

—A sharp swindler made a collection of dimes in Flint, Mich., the other day. He procured a bundle of old illustrated papers out of somebody's rag bag, and at the dinner hour, when some of the proprietors or clerks were sure to be absent from each store, he made the round of the business houses. Dashing into a place he would slap down a paper, yell "Here's your magazine! ten cents, please," and those addressed, thinking some absentee had ordered the paper, almost invariably paid the scamp.

—A singular suit has been brought against the electric light company in Providence, R. I., and is now pending in the Supreme Court. A resident of Benefit street wants an injunction against the company to prevent it from erecting a pole and light opposite the window of her bed-chamber, the light, according to her declaration, being injurious and prejudicial to her comfort and happiness. It is said that this is the first of many suits which are to be brought to prevent the erection of electric lights along Benefit street.

—A startling discrepancy between the number of children born to the rich and poor is revealed by an investigation which the Philadelphia Record has just completed. An inquiry has been made into the number of children under 10 years, and the number born within a year, in the households of a wealthy aristocratic section, and the same facts as to an humbler section The figures show that in 150 families on West Locust and Spruce streets and Rittencouse Square there were only one-sixth as many births within the last twelve months as in poor section of the nineteenth and thirty-first wards, while the number of children under 10 years was 149 in the latter to 60 in the former.

—George Francis Train is now engaged in the laudable endeavor of circling the globe in sixty days. He started from Tacoma, where the citizens of that wonderful city of the Pacific coast gave him a rousing send off. Train has the reputation of being the crankiest crank in the world, and he is proud of the leading position he holds. In an address to the citizens of Tacoma he said:

What is a crank, you ask? Cranks, my son? The world is full of them (says Hawkeye Burdette). What would we do were it not for cranks? How slowly the tired world would move, did not cranks push it along! Columbus was a crank on the subject of American discovery and circumnavigation, and at last he met the fate of most cranks—thrown into prison, and died in poverty and disgrace! Greatly venerated now? In World's Fair going to "Hogtown!" Oh, yes, Telemachus, we usually esteem a crank most profoundly after we starve him to death! Harvey was a crank on the subject of circulation of the blood! Galileo was an astronomical crank! looking for honest men in Boston's Malaria dying smudling back bay!—Fulton was a crank on the subject of steam navigation—round world in sixty years! Morse was a telegraph crank on press wiregrams to Tacoma Ledger! All the old abolitionists were cranks! John Bunyon was a crank! Any man who doesn't think as you do my son, is a crank! And by-and-by the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, and a half-completed monument to his memory crumbling down in a dozen cities while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived! Deal gently with the crank my boy! Of course, some cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very slow to sneer at a man because he only knows one thing and you can't understand him! (Applause). A crank, Telemachus, is a thing that makes the wheels go round, it insures progress—in Tacoma and burns Seattle for going back on G. F. T. True, it turns the same wheel all the time and it can't do anything else, but that's what keeps the ship going ahead! The thing that goes in for variety, versatility, that changes its position a hundred times a day, that is no crank, that is the weather-vane, my son! What? You nevertheless thank heaven you are not a crank? Don't do that, my son! Maybe you couldn't be a crank if you would! Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather-vane! Almost any man will do for that! But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks about very carefully for the best man in the community! Before you thank heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself carefully, and see what is the great deficiency that debars you from such an election! If I were not a crank, would Tacoma gaurantee me $1,500 audience? Would Ledger kodak me round the world? Would Nelson Bennett and Chamber of Commerce give me oration? Would Captain Fife's Tacoma Guards extend to me military reception Fifteen March on way round world, were I not most colosal crank of Cosmos!

## ELEANOR KIRK'S GOSSIP.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 27, '90

EDITOR GAZETTE:—A sensitive correspondent wishes to know if it is any sign of imbecility for one to talk to one's self. She is in the habit of doing so, and is often interrupted in the middle of a sentence—in other words caught at it—much to her disgust, and the amusement of her friends. She wonders if there is any way by which she can overcome so disagreeable a habit, any mental exercise which would help her not to indulge in this "solitary garrulity." Given a level head, and an average amount of will power, and a real desire, I do not think there is any habit that cannot be successfully grappled with. But I should save my efforts for something really necessary. Talking to one's self does not indicate a weak mind. Persons who thus converse are rarely ever lonesome or moody. They work off their ill-nature on themselves They are not apt to be inquisitive, for they answer their own questions; and instead of being weak in the upper story they are usually brainy. It is related that a gentleman was once talking with Horace Greeley on this subject, and expressed himself very contemptuously about the people who thus commune with themselves. "Why, man alive," exclaimed the editor of the Tribune, "What are you talking about? It is only the smart folks who talk to themselves. Why, I talk to myself."

The "Aunt Jack" Company made the fastest time to Washington and back on record. They gave a matinee performance in that city in the afternoon, and returned in time to appear promptly at the Madison Square in the evening. "Aunt Jack" made a nice little pile for the Actor's Fund, besides adding to her reputation as a long and fast runner. There is something about the atmosphere of the Madison Square Theatre which every one likes. The ventilation is perfect, and because of the double stage, one does not have to wait an age between acts. Then "Aunt Jack" is as fresh, as painstaking, and as a fascinating as ever.

What will my readers think of the following letter, especially those who always believed me sane.

This is the document, or at least a part of it:

"About three years ago I read an article of yours about marriage, in which it said that you thought no woman should marry until she could not only support herself, but her husband. My father seemed taken with these sentiments, but my mother and I thought you were either insane or a very cranky crank. There was a young man paying attention to me at the time, who received a salary of $20 per week. He wasn't very strong physically, though a splendid fellow morally and intellectually. Imagine my surprise when a couple of days after reading your letter, I found that my father had sent for a Remington type-writer and had engaged a short hand teacher for me. "I have no objection to your marrying John," he said, "when you are qualified to take care of him, but until then I shall not give my consent. Now my father is as set in his way as the "Iron Chancellor," and it was give in, or elope. I never could do the last, and so I went at it in dead earnest. In three months I could not only write expertly on a type-writer, but I could polish off legal documents in a way that astonished the natives. In two years I could report a trial before a referee, and was getting $5.00 more a week than John. We are married now, and I still do my work, and am as happy as I can be in the security which my type-writer and my shorthand gives me."

Because I cannot reply personally to all communications, I wish to say to those who have asked for particulars in regard to lessons in English composition, that I have just organized a Bureau of Instruction. Many of my readers whose early education has been neglected, wish to be shown how to write a creditable friendly or business letter. Others aspire to write for publication, and feel that they have ideas, but cannot express them in creditable English. What they need is practical instruction, and this I am prepared to give.

Miss H. M. Barbour, who arranged a European tour last summer for a small party of ladies, accompanying them as companion and guide, has completed her programme for the summer of 1890. It will comprise Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, the Rhine, Austrian Tyrol, Northern Italy and Italian Lakes, Switzerland and Paris. A period of one hundred days has been so well distributed among these countries as to enable the tourist to see their chief cities and points of interest leisurely and well. Large parties are becoming less popular each year, and small ones will take their places. For ladies who cannot be accompanied by members of their own family, or by intimate friends, and who wish to travel quietly and not be held rigidly to prearranged dates, there is no better way than to join a small party under the direction of some one familiar with Europe, and who has a knowledge of the French and German languages. I will send programmes of above-mentioned tour to those desiring them.

Women's clubs have been much derided by men, but they continue to flourish in spite of everything. If women stayed late at these social entertainments, and return to their residences a little mixed as regards the key hole, as some of our club men frequently do, the prejudice against women's clubs would be more reasonable. But our women go not astray in such ways, neither do they fisticuff each other in public places. There has yet to be one scandal in a woman's club. I am much amused at the objection of Col. Thomas A. Knox, of the Lotos Club, to the behavior of Mr Alden, who, feeling like "taking his ease" in what he considered his "inn," took the liberty of stretching himself out comfortably and using a foot rest. Col. Knox declares that foot rests suggest hospitals, and that foot rests must go. The difference between men and women in the matter of clubs is, that the former convene for business purposes and the enjoyment of creature comforts. Women meet for intellectual pleasure, and so for them reclining chairs, foot rests, cigars, and drinks are unnecessary. ELEANOR KIRK.

## JAMAICA LORE.

### Queer Stories, Strange Saws and Proverbs That Fill the Negro's Mind.

The island negro is full of legends, stories and quaint proverbs. It is a pity that they should never have been regularly collected and recorded, for the race of the old time house slave woman, who held her audience breathless with the wonderful doings of "Anancy" and his wife, "Crooky," and a son, "Tacooma," is now almost passed away. All of the strange out-of-the-way phenomena of tropical nature are alive with suggestions of the supernatural and the mysterious to the negro mind.

At various parts of the island are subterranean rivers that here and there make a sudden appearance, to run swiftly for a few miles, and then to disappear again in the bowels of the earth. In places the water appears only in circular sink holes, always brimming but never overflowing, even in the wet season, or never diminishing, even in the dry. In one of the mountain fastnesses a negro pointed out to me such a gloomy pool, with neither inlet nor outlet. To him it was the habitation of some monstrous subaqueous creature named Croomie. He told me that nobody dared even go near the margin, for Croomie would catch him and pull him under. I could gather nothing from him but the bare facts, for when I pressed him for further details concerning Croomie's character and habits, he evidently took my questions for covert ridicule, and withdrew himself into the shell of non-comprehension.

In their peculiar dialect the negroes possess a fund of quaint saws and proverbs. "Alligator lay eggs, but him no fowl," says one. "Fishermen never say him fish t'ink," says another. Referring to the land crab: "Little crab hole spoil big race horse." Some of these quaint sayings show not only the keen insight of the semi-savage into the characteristics of the voiceless creation, but also a wonderfully sly and cunning knowledge of the weakness of poor human nature.

"Duck and fowl feed togedder, but no roost togedder." "When man dead grass grow at him door." "Dog run for him character, pig run for him life." "Hungry dog eat cockroach." "Man bit by snake, him run away from lizard." Such are a few of the many score of the like sayings that pass current from mouth to mouth of the merry black island peasantry.—Howard Hyle in Harper's Magazine.

### Meaning of the Word Nee.

The misuse of the word "nee" is a source of perpetual tribulation to copy editors, provincial "society reporters" especially being prone to a mournful disregard of its real meaning. They have a hazy but nevertheless strong impression that it is equivalent to the expression "whose former name was," and they rarely fail to use the full name in all its aristocratic completeness. Now, the fact is, that "nee" is simply French for "born," and although the charming Mrs. De Lancey Jones may have been "born" an Edwards, she certainly was not born "Miss Jemima Edwards." Little things of that sort don't always turn out just as might be desired, you know. It might be really too plebeian for the provincial "society reporter" to refer to "Mrs. Jones, nee Edwards," but he might try. And he certainly should avoid the error of a rural contemporary, which recently praised the diamonds of "Mrs. De Lancey Jones, nee Mrs. William Smith." How poor Mrs. Jones ever came to be born to a state of widowhood the reporter neglects to explain.—Albany Press and Knickerbocker.

### A Natural Bridge in Arizona.

Natural bridge, on Pine creek, in the northern part of Gila county, is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States, equaling, if not surpassing, the natural bridge of Virginia. It spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canyon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice. The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is some 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiseled by the skillful hand of a stonemason. The arch on top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width, 1,000 feet in length across the canyon, and at the thinnest part only six feet through. About the center of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.—Boston Transcript.

### The Anti-German Feeling in Russia.

In the present reign this anti-German feeling has reached a climax. Naturally a man of conservative instincts, and driven partly by circumstances, partly by irresponsibility into illiberal and reactionary extremes, Alexander III has for some time devoted himself to stamping out of Russia all non-Russian elements, and setting up an image, before which all must fall down and worship, of a Russia, single, homogeneous, exclusive, self sufficing, self contained. Foreign names, foreign tongues, a foreign faith, particularly if the one are Teuton and the other is Lutheran, are vexed, or prohibited, or assailed. Foreign competition in any quarter, commercial or otherwise, is crushed by heavy deadweights hung round its neck. Foreign concessions are as flatly refused as they were once eagerly conceded.—"Russia in Central Asia—Curzon."

### Memory Rings.

"A memory ring is merely a silver ten cent piece rimmed out, with the milled edges left untouched. Usually the ring has a bangle attached, made of the inner part of the dime and bearing the monogram of the youth who has been inveigled into giving the girl the coin. The ring when finished costs less than $1. Sometimes it is made double, the two dimes being cemented together.

"Another novelty is the friendship ring. A girl goes among the young men of her acquaintance and gets from each a little sum of money, varying from a cent to a dime, and when she has laid tribute on all her friends she buys a ring such as the proceeds of her work will purchase. Memory rings seem to be the favorite."—Jewelers' Weekly.

### A Great Submarine River.

Near Meirs, in the department of the Lot, between Auvergne and the Garonne, the course of a subterranean river has been traced in a boat for a distance of over two kilometers—say 6,500 feet. Seven small lakes and thirty-two waterfalls were passed in the exploring voyage made in a small boat. It is estimated that the underground course is fully seven kilometers, the stream joining the Dordogne near St. Denis Martel. It is to be remembered that all that region is of limestone formation.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

### American Machinery Abroad.

It is the tendency in this day and age to slight things, and it is this tendency which hurts American machinism abroad. A man just returned from South America told me that no American machinery could be sold there in competition with English. While our steam engines, for instance, were better finished and more adapted to the work demanded, something was always getting out of order, flaws being revealed, and no one could depend upon them. They were made to sell—not to last.—Detroit Free Press.

### Liquefaction of Carbonic Acid Gas.

The liquefaction of carbonic acid gas on a large scale was first undertaken in Hanover about twenty years ago. The manufacture is now becoming of considerable importance, the chief uses of the novel product being in brewing and by Krupp for compressing molten steel in molds to insure solid castings. The gas is liquefied by a pressure of about 35 atmospheres, the temperature being at the freezing point of water. One firm in Berlin sells daily 200 flasks—each of about 17½ pounds—of the liquefied gas, and Vienna produces 1,000 pounds each twenty-four hours.—New York Telegram.

### Echoes in Caves.

Every one is familiar with the phenomena of echoes. In a cave in the Pantheon, the guide, by striking the flap of his coat, makes a noise equal to a twelve pound cannon's report. The singularity is noticed in a lesser degree in the Mammoth cave, in Kentucky. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, in Finland, a cat or a dog thrown in will make a screaming echo, lasting some minutes. Pliny tells of a cave in Dalmatia where a stone tossed in would raise a perfect storm. Fingal's cave, on the Isle of Staffa, has an abnormally developed echo.—Montreal Star.

### How Shoes Are Measured.

Very few shoe wearers probably know that a size in shoes is only one-third of an inch in length. This doesn't seem much, and yet to many women it is a momentous affair. Two inches in a waist or bust measurement are not as apparent as one-third of an inch in the foot, for in the latter it is direct or lineal increase. The distaste for increasing the size of our shoes becomes more pronounced as we ascend the scale of the size stick. A woman who has habitually worn a No. 3 shoe, when necessity demands can don a 3¼ without great sacrifice; she still retains the integral number 3, which in some measure compensates her for the added fraction; but a new integer, No. 4, is distasteful by reason of its formidable sound. If shoes, like hats, could be graded by eighths of an inch she could take refuge in a 3⅜ shoe and yet be comparatively happy. From No. 4½ to No. 5 is a still greater trial to feminine nerves, and in the realm of 6—well, few women speak of the size to any one else but the dealer. The size stick, except for custom work, is not often brought out in the retail shoe store. It is a dangerous thing in the hands of a tyro salesman, and would defeat many a sale. With the expert salesman it can be made a powerful little ally in selling shoes to credulous folk. He can skillfully place the size stick where it will be mightier than either pen, sword or tongue in confuting prejudice and bringing peace of mind to a customer.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

### A War of Flowers.

The Jacqueminot roses reached the height of fashionable success some twelve or thirteen years ago, when Harry Moutague was the leading man at Wallack's theatre. During the long run of "The Shaughraun" he played Capt. Molyneux, and he wore one of these red, red roses in his buttonhole. Immediately his army of fair admirers, and no modern stage Adonis has ever numbered so large an army, adopted the rose as an outward and visible sign of devotion to the handsome captain of the footlights, and the demand for the roses was in consequence generally much greater than the supply. George Rignold, another English actor, was playing Henry V at Booth's theatre about the same time, and his admirers were in the habit of wearing bunches of violets to give notice of their fanciful idolatry, from the fact that the actor wore a boutonniere of these dainty flowers during the course of the play. The rival factions were enthusiastic champions of their respective idols and bitter detractors of the idol of the opposite faction, and the war of flowers continued for some time, greatly to the profit and amusement of the florists.—New York World.

### A Bird's Drinking Fountain.

In June of 1889 I had occasion to be out a mile or thereabout from the town of Kentville, and was for some time detained in a strip of clearing about forty rods wide. While there I noticed woodpeckers continually crossing this clearing from one block of woods to the other. I thought nothing of it at first, as these birds are very common here, but after a constant stream of them had been going and coming for some time I determined to go across a small field to a point of hard woods, where they all seemed to be going, and see if I could find the cause. I discovered that the woodpeckers were flying to and from the top of a living white birch tree. About forty-five feet up this tree the woodpeckers had thickly perforated the bark a space of about ten inches around the trunk, causing the sap to flow freely. I soon discovered that this was a drinking fountain, not only for the birds that had so diligently worked to bore these holes, but it seemed that all the small birds in the neighborhood were coming here to get a share of the sweet sap that was continually flowing from the wounded tree.—Forest and Stream.

### Waking Up the Bank of England.

A wealthy New Yorker had an exciting parley in the Bank of England when he presented a number of notes for exchange into American money. "We don't know you, sir," said the teller. "You must be identified."

"I shall not be identified," said the New Yorker. "You must cash your notes or I shall make trouble." The cashier came up and tried to smooth things over; he spoke about the time honored custom, etc. "At least," said the cashier, "we shall require you to put your name on the back of the notes." "I shall do no such thing," vociferated the New Yorker. "I am solvent and entirely responsible; I shall not indorse your paper, and (taking out his watch) unless you accept your notes in five minutes' time I shall send them to protest." This heroic treatment created a great sensation in the sleepy old bank; but the notes were cashed and the New Yorker went his way triumphantly; he was Jay Gould's secretary, Morosini.—Eugene Field's London Letter.

### Musicians in New York.

It is closely estimated that there are regularly employed in the theatres during the season about 500 orchestra players, and in the concert halls and museums 150 more.

Six hundred and fifty musicians who have steady work at least eight months of the year! A large number, it may seem to you, but when you consider that there over 1,000 professional musicians, many of whom are as proficient as the lucky 650, who are out of regular employment and depend upon odd jobs to scrape together money enough to keep body and soul alive, the number is not so large as it appeared at first.

The music business is played out in New York. The market is overcrowded and prices rule accordingly low. Why doesn't the union prevent this? How can it? I know of men in the union who are playing in orchestras for $12 a week, when the union price is $17.50 with only one matinee.—New York News.

### Coloring Wine by Berries.

The maqui is a small evergreen shrub, common in Chili along the course of torrents and in shady, mountainous woods. It is not cultivated, but grows wild, and the berries, which in Chili are eaten either fresh or preserved, are now beginning to be exported largely to Europe for the purpose of coloring wines. In the three years ending 1887 the exports were respectively as follows: 26,592 kilos, 136,026 and 431,302. To France alone the exports during the same years were 506 kilos, 115,000 and 315,774. The consul general has no statistics for 1888 and 1889, but presumes that the increase went on in the same proportion. The berries are added to the grapes in order to give the wine a good color.—Public Opinion.

### Countries with Our Name.

When we say "the United States" we always mean our own country, which is the United States because it is the oldest and greatest of them all. But there are others, and because our free government is so prosperous the example may be followed by other nations. So there will be yet more United States made from countries that are now kingdoms or empires. Here are the names of the United States now in existence and the years in which they were born: 1776, the United States of America; 1824, the United States of Mexico; 1861, the United States of Colombia; 1864, the United States of Venezuela; 1889, the United States of Brazil.—Boston True Flag.

### A Misused Word.

I wish to emphasize the misuse of the term "ladies." It is improper, a mistake in language, to speak of yourself or of any other person as "ladies" in connection with work of any kind. The term "lady" presupposes leisure. In the same way the word "gentleman" carries a like significance. Now you know very well that the term "gentlemen of business" is never used, and you certainly never hear of "salesgentlemen." Isn't the very sound ridiculous? And yet your man of business often is the polished, well bred man of society, with a position which no one can dispute.

A few years since I was passing the summer at a well known seaside resort, and in a sudden emergency I wanted some laundry work done. I rang for the bellboy of the hotel and asked him to see if the laundress could do it for me at once. He soon returned with this reply:

"I am sorry, Mrs. White, but the washerlady is out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Electricity from Nerve Action.

A curious study has been made by a German physiologist, Herr Tarchenoff. Clay electrodes, connected with a delicate galvanometer, were applied to the hands, feet, toes, nose, ear and back, when it was found that electrical currents of varying strength were set up in the skin by mental excitation of any kind. Tickling with a brush or hot water produced a strong current, and cold or the pain of a pin prick a weaker one. Impressions of sound, light, taste and smell acted similarly. The skin currents were even produced by imagining the sensations; and when caused by mental effort varied with the amount of work—a multiplication of small numbers giving a weak current and of larger numbers a stronger one. The currents seem to be connected with the sweat glands, which are aroused to increased action by nearly every kind of nerve activity.—New York Telegram.

### A Female Paradox.

Woman's cruelty to her own sex has been often noticed, and yet this paradox remains to be explained—viz., that she has keen delight in hearing or reading eulogiums by men on the female sex in general, and nothing more readily gains a man her dislike than his expressed condemnation of women. Friendship between women is rare. They are competitors or rivals in the fashionable and matrimonial races, and therefore "friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities." Their relation to each other is one of simulated affection They kiss each other in pretended friendship in order to hide the ill feeling with which each regards the other. I speak, of course, of the average woman.—Bow Bells.

### Facts About the Planet Earth.

Diameter at the equator, 7,925 miles; diameter at the poles, 7,899 miles; mean diameter, 7,916; circumference at the equator, 24,899; surface of the earth, in round numbers; Land, 54,500,000 square miles; water, 142,000,000 square miles; total, 149,500,000 square miles. Mean annual temperature: Poles, 30 degs.; polar regions, 36 degs.; torrid zone, 75 degs.; equator, 82 degs; globe, 50 degs. Mean annual rainfall, 36 inches. Specific gravity, 5,450 to 5,600. Weight, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.—Exchange.

### Suffering from Absentmindedness.

"There are some remedies a heap worse than the disease they are intended to cure," said a down town business man. "Now, there's my partner, who hasn't a shred of memory outside a certain beaten business track. In his line he is one of the best men to be found—careful, wide awake and enterprising. But as soon as he tries to remember some little commission outside this routine he has no more mind than a humming bird. This would be all right if it wasn't for his good nature. He is forever volunteering to perform little services for me, and he does it so amiably that I can't refuse him. Then he will get the instructions all right, and, knowing his faulty memory in such cases, will say: "'I'll just take this along as a reminder.'

"Then he will pick up something off my desk that I can't in the least afford to lose, and jam it in his pocket. Sometimes it's a fancy paper weight, given me by somebody; sometimes my shears. Once it was a bottle of red ink, and the cork came out and the red ink trickled down the leg of his light trousers, making it appear that he was bleeding to death. It is always something which ought to be left alone, but I can't be disagreeable and veto it, for he is so exceedingly obliging always. But he rarely brings back any of these reminders, and generally forgets the errand just the same. Then when I ask him for the paper weight, or shears, or bottle of ink, or whatever the reminder may have been, he fumbles through his pockets and declares he must have lost it. Well, he feels so bad about it that I would be a brute to say anything mean, and I just sigh and turn to my work."—Chicago Mail.

### Marriages in Georgia.

There were 16,500 marriages in Georgia during 1889. The negroes show a greater percentage of marriages to their numbers than the whites, though there is a greater population of whites, which runs their aggregate 140 above that of the blacks. The marriages of either race increase in number according to the density of population; that is, in counties largely white there are more marriages per thousand than in counties where the other race predominates, and the same is true of the blacks.

A difference in favor of the country districts exists in matrimony. Among the negroes in the black belt, and especially along the coast, where they live upon fish and products of nature, it would appear as if there were not a 15-year-old female unmarried. Inland the marriages are not so many, but the number keeps up surprisingly. In the turpentine country, where hundreds of negroes come from North Carolina, the marriages would indicate that the whole population had gone out of single bliss. In North Georgia, which is the center of the white population, the marriages grow in number, but on a conservative basis.—Memphis Commercial

### A Breathing Cave.

In the range of mountains in western North Carolina known as the "Fork Range" a most singular phenomenon exists. It is the "Breathing Cave." In the summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person cannot walk against it, while in the winter the rush of air inward is just as great.

The cool air from the cave in summer is felt sometimes for miles in a direct line from the mouth of the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted from the current from dead animals sucked in and killed by coming in violent contact with the walls. The loss of cattle and other stock in that section during the winter months is always great, and is accounted for in this way: They range too near the mouth of the cave, and the current carries them in.

At times, when the change from inhalation to exhalation begins, the air is filled with hairs of the various animals; not infrequently small dry bones have been carried for over a mile from the mouth of the cave as though shot from an air gun. The air has been known to change quite suddenly during exhalation from cold to quite hot, accompanied by a terrible roaring and gurgling sound.

Many scientific men have visited the place, but the phenomenon still remains unexplained; the residents of that section fear a volcanic eruption. Something is wrong, sure.—Nashville American.

*THE USUAL treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of despairing patients can testify. A trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper local treatment is positively necessary to success, but most of the remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure cannot be expected from snuffs, powders, douches and washes." Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.


# SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

## How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**



## Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Mar. 24, 1890

Four new varieties of Scotch Novelty Zephyr Ginghams, made especially for us, came last week. The assortment covers twenty-six colorings; a portion are stripes, 29 inches, at 40 cents; the balance 42-inch borders at 65 cents.

Jacquard figures and lace effects in exquisite colorings give the hue and style of silk rather than cotton. It would tax your credulity to tell you all about our Ginghams.

We make and sell the best Shirts for the money to be had in this country.

That's the pith of the whole matter. Not a bit of guess-work. We've seen every Shirt that claims to be best; seen the outside, which is open to everybody, and the inside, which only know-how eyes and fingers can truly get at. There's the test.

It isn't in the cloth for any maker to get up a better Shirt than we can for the money; our fault if we're equalled. We don't mean to be. We surely are not now. Just as our Shirts of the past led competition in the past, so our Shirts of to-day are in the very front of the front rank.

Crown, unlaundered, 75c.
Crown, laundered, 90c.
Conqueror, unlaundered, $1.
Conqueror, laundered, $1.15.
University, unlaun'd, $1.35.
University, launder'd $1.40.

To half tell the Handkerchief story would fill columns. You must mostly take it for granted. Our way of handling Linens you know — straight from the looms, nothing rubbishy, nothing but pure Linen that pretends to be Linen. The gain for you of this way shows as well in Handkerchiefs as anywhere. Let four point the moral:

Men's, printed borders, 12½c—not the newest, but think of the price:
Men's printed borders, 25c—handsome designs and fresh.
Women's, printed borders and initials, $1 a dozen—used to be $1.50.
Women's, white, hemstitched, 80c a doz.—slightly, worthful, everyday Handkerchief.

100 dozen 24-inch Bohemian Napkins, pure linen, $1.20 a dozen. That's the plain bald fact. A volume of talk wouldn't say all. You catch the spirit of our Linen doings in those simple Napkins. They stand for a store full of Linens of every sort.

German Table Linen for instance, 70 inches wide, new patterns, eighty cents a yard. Put it beside any regular $1 quality outside.

Busy man or busy woman, what do you know of books? Next to nothing, very likely. But you buy books just the same. Caught by a title, or a pretty binding, or a chance word—haphazard, nine times in ten. Oftener than not you get the book you don't want and skip the book you ought to have. Wasted money in the least of it. Need you do it? No!

Suppose you had a friend wise in books; with no pets, no enemies; clean, clear, candid. A friend that every month picked up each new book, got at the very pith and marrow of it, and told you with judicial justness precisely what its scope and value were—and the fair price. What a treasure such a friend would be. That's just what BOOK NEWS is. It may be yours for a pinch of pennies—fifty cents a year.

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The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with Consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. For sale by all druggists.

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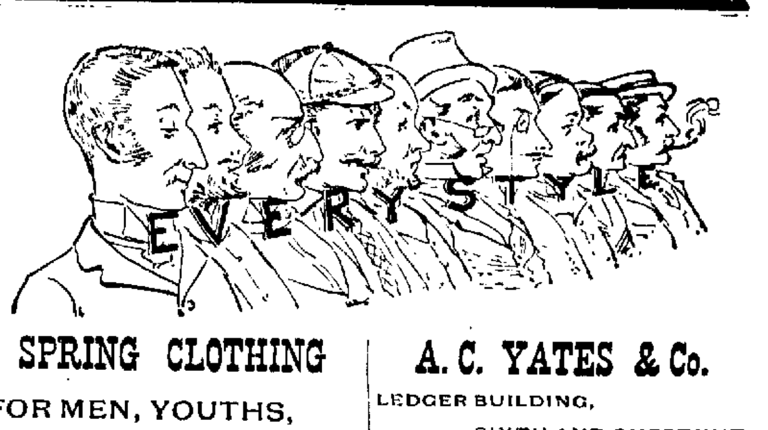



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I WANT Stories of interest for us Elders, For we, too, like our hours of leisure.

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Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
Your trade is solicited.

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My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
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*It does not follow in old beaten paths—which is an easy task,—but is perpetually discovering new, and pleasant ones, and following them too*
*The ringing blows which have been struck on the gateway of popular favor have resounded throughout the entire land, and to day Lippincott's Magazine stands in the front rank of monthly publications, and is the most widely-read-and-talked of publication of its kind in the world. For full descriptive circulars, address*
*LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia*
*$3.00 per year. 25 cts. single number.*
*The publisher of this paper will receive your subscription.*

AN OFFICE WHERE
Everything in connection with
**REAL ESTATE**
IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO
You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.
**A. Weir Gilkeson,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRISTOL, PA.



NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

[Entered at t]he Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27. 1890.

### BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 7.00 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.45, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.40 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.00 P. M.

NEWTOWN, DOYLESTOWN, &c—Arrives at 11.30 A. M. Closes at 1.00 P. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

### PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MARCH 2, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.45, 8.06, 8.23, 9.14, 9.52, 10.26, A. M. 12.07, 1.01, 1.35, 3.03, 3.12, 4.06, 5.37, 5.46, 6.25, 7.21, 8.48, 9.27, 11.03, P. M.

Sundays at 2.46, 8.11, 9.00, 10.26, A. M. 12.01, 12.25, 5.33, 5.38, 7.21, 7.30, 8.48, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, 6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.31, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 5.25, 5.53, 6.00, 6.02, 6.31, 7.27, 8.17, 9.50, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.30, 9.12, A. M. 2.06, 6.28, 5.45, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

### LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Navigation on the canal is resumed.

—Coroner Brennan has removed to Bristol.

—All kinds of commercial printing done at the GAZETTE office.

—Washington Hall is being treated to a much needed coat of paint.

—The steamboat Columbia, will resume her trips about the first of April.

—Several reporters for Philadelphia papers, hungry for news relative to Messrs. Howe and Birdsall, were in Bristol on Tuesday.

—The sewing-school of St. James Parish will give an entertainment, consisting of music and recitations, in the Chapel, on Thursday evening, April 15th.

—Dr. W. B. Baker is moving to-day into his new residence, on Radcliffe street, nearly opposite the GAZETTE office.

—"Dr." Daniel Birdsall, who has been absent from Bristol for several days, returned yesterday afternoon.

—The Republican Executive Committee, of Bristol borough met in B. F. Gilkeson's law office last night for the purpose of organization. E. W. Minster was chosen permanent Chairman and Joseph R. Grundy Treasurer.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post-office, March 27th, 1890: John Giles, A. B. Howard, J. W. Hartman, Mrs. Lenze Hill, S. Jersey, Frank Knight, Miss Mary Lovett, Mrs. Martha Mines, Miss Rachel Pryor, Thos. Quinton, May Smith, Miss Maggie Thornton.

—The house on Wood Street, the property of C. J. Bonsal, was offered at public sale, on last Tuesday, but withdrawn on account of a sufficient bid. The highest bid was $1,780.

—Fifteen hundred copies of the Bristol Leader will be issued on the fifth of April. Dealers who wish to call the attention of the public to their business should secure space in Bristol's popular monthly, without unnecessary delay.

—William H. J. Wilson now carries a stock of pianos and organs at his establishment, No. 33 Mill street. He is the agent for the celebrated Sohmer piano, and the Raymond organ. His store is a model of neatness, and visitors are invited, whether they wish to purchase or not.

—The cellar of the American Hook and Ladder Co.'s building has given a great deal of trouble in wet weather by reason of the large amount of water which found its way into it. The cellar is now being filled up with earth, as the best solution of the problem of what to do with it.

—Don't forget the entertainment at the Presbyterian church to-night. Vocal and instrumental music, readings, etc. Those who will take part in the evenings entertainment are, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Leech, Mrs. John Tabram, Miss Neitz, Miss Katy Thomas, Miss Mary Rogers, Misses Laura and Edith Wood, Miss Mabel Johnson, of Philadelphia, and Messrs. Charles E. Scheide and Gifford V. Lewis. The concert will begin at a quarter before eight o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

—The death of Mrs. Sarah Townsend, of Bristol, occurred at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Darlington, at Rosedale, Pa., on last Saturday, where she had gone to attend the wedding of her granddaughter, Miss Carrie Darlington. Mrs. Townsend belonged in the society of Friends and has lived in Bristol for a number of years. She was of a quiet, retiring nature and mixed but little with the outside world. Her kindly disposition and ready sympathy were well known to those who knew her. Mrs. Townsend leaves three children, Mrs. Edward Darlington, of Rosedale, Chester Co., Pa., Miss Maggie Townsend, and a step-daughter, Mrs. Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia.

—The monthly meeting of the Directors of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Building Association was held on last Tuesday evening. Upon motion of John C. Stuckert, Esq., the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That by the death of our President, Mr. Charles W. Peirce, this Association has lost an honored and efficient officer, and this community has lost a citizen whose memory will be revered by all who knew him, for the many noble and manly attributes of character which graced him in life."

Four loans, ($800), were sold to Rocco Manzi at a monthly premium of 21 cents per loan. Fifteen loans, ($8,000), were sold to Charles E. Banes at a monthly premium of 20 cents per loan. Edward H. Foster was elected President of the Board, and Captain Lemuel Jarvis was elected a Director to fill the vacancies occasioned by the death of Mr. Charles W. Peirce.

—A second meeting looking towards the formation of a Savings Bank in Bristol, was held in the law office of John C. Stuckert, Esq., on last Monday evening. William C. Peirce, of the committee appointed to secure such information as would be of value to persons desiring to start a savings bank here, reported that he had heard from the West Chester Savings Bank, and read the by-laws of that institution, and gave other information which he had obtained. After duly considering the advantages that would accrue to Bristol by providing a place where small sums of money would be received on deposit and interest allowed on the same, it was resolved to establish such an institution, and the most of those present signified their willingness to act as trustees. There will probably be another meeting in a few days of those interested in the matter.

### BRISTOL'S LATEST SENSATION.

Two noted characters, Joseph C. Howe and "Dr." Daniel Birdsall, who for several years have made considerable of a "splurge" about Bristol, have come to grief. They had their fast and blooded stock, their steam yatch, and while making their residences in the dwelling they rented of Walter Laing on the Delaware just above Bristol, made frequent trips to New York, Long Branch in the season, and other resorts where sporting men are fond of congregating. Mr. Howe was the first one to appear. He came with a young woman whom he alleged was his wife. After a while she went to Boston, and while there it is said died. Shortly afterward "Dr." Birdsall arrived and he and Howe have since been boon companions. Dr. Birdsall claims New York to be his permanent place of abode. He is the famous individual whose mysterious absence from that city last summer occasioned the New York World to wonder whither he had gone. The World declared that Birdsall had often said that he would "rather be a lamp post in the city of New York than a monarch in any other country." Birdsall at that time was quietly sojourning in Bristol. The attractions of Bristol for two men of known sporting tendencies are not easy to understand. However they seemed to enjoy life here, and if they had not become financially embarrased would probably have made this their headquarters for some time to come. But unfortunately they were down on their luck. Their expenses exceeded their income. Accounts were run with the butcher the grocer and the dealer in horse feed. The young man, Frank Niblett, whose duties in part consisted in rubbing down the horses and polishing the boots of the doctor was not regularly paid. His wages were some $60 in arrears. He frequently asked for the money due him but failed to obtain it. Dr. Birdsall was careless of the letters he received. He took no care to preserve his correspondence, and Niblett picked up one letter addressed to him near the entrance to the grounds and another in the carriage house. Curiosity impelled him to open them. What he read induced him to hurry to a lawyer's office. He went with his claim to John C. Stuckert, Esq., for collection. He handed the letters also to him. The lawyer saw the necessity for prompt action. He commenced proceedings before Squire Bannister for Niblett, and other parties. The claims so far in upon which suits have been brought are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| E. Leedom & Son, Feed, &c., | $107 74 |
| S. W. Groff, Groceries, | 54.61 |
| Frank Niblett, Wages, | 60 00 |
| Harry VanHorn, Blacksmithing, | 10.07 |
| A. C. York, Carpenter, | 8.00 |
| Walter Laing, Rent, &c., | 158 65 |

Other small claims amounting to $200 more are held by various parties.

On Tuesday before Esquire Bannister the suits under attachment proceedings in the cases of E. Leedom & Son, and of S. W. Groff against D. Birdsall, upon whom service was obtained, were held. The defendant did not put in a personal appearance. The plaintiffs testified to their claims, and the two letters, which to some extent exposes the characters of Howe and Birdsall, were admitted as evidence. Mr. Walter Leedom and Walter Laing testified that they were familiar with Howe's handwriting and that to the best of their belief, he was the man that wrote them. They are as follows:

CLEVELAND HOUSE,<br>ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 1, '90

FRIEND DAN: Yours of the 26th to hand. I am somewhat surprised at the lawyer's proceedings. If they should seize anything you show ownership and probably that will answer. You can say if they will only wait until I come home everything will be paid, but if they should seize anything to satisfy the judgment and attempt to sell it you get a writ of replevian and seize the goods and show ownership. In that case you will be compelled to give a bond. Get Fine to go on that, as it's merely a matter of form, but try and kid the lawyer along for this month if you can. There is no danger about the help going away, and the butcher and groceries are all O. K. until April. Now what you want to do is to speak to Leedom and get feed for this month, by that time I will be home. You can say to "Thee" that I am in San Francisco on a very important law suit and will stay there until it is settled and that will be shortly. You can say you expect me home any week, or tell him anything you think best.

I am sorry but it is impossible for me to send any ready, as everybody is short and there are but very few people in this State this winter. Have done but very little good up to date. Enclosed find $2 00 tobacco money. Respfully Yours,

JOE.

Dan, keep your head and let the bottle alone, and you will come out all right on April the first.

ST. AUGUSTINE, March 18, '90.

FRIEND DAN: If you should be compelled to move, do not fail to take everything with you. Get a big dry goods box and you can pack all the small things in it. Take the float key and chain and dog house. You might sell them in Burlington. Try and sell that pole the party offered five for, in order to get some money to move with. You can take the big horse or the depot wagon to Burlington and borrow enough on it to move with. You need not say anything to any one about moving. Hire a wagon in Burlington to come and move you. No one can prevent you from taking your things as you do not owe anything. You understand what to do in the matter. Don't give up to any one. You can tell "Thee" he must wait and see me about the rent. You did not rent the house. I shall leave here on Sunday and shall be in Jacksonville until Wednesday. You write on Sunday what you have done in the matter. Address your letter, J. R. Hazard, Jacksonville, Florida, and don't write again until you hear from me. Now, Dan, you look after everything and let the bottle alone,

Hoping you're well, I am Respectfully,

JOE.

The Squire rendered judgment in favor of the plaintiffs.

**A New Kind of Insurance**

has been put in operation by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. His "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" are sold by druggists under the manfacturers' positive guarantee. Either benefit or a complete cure is thus attained, or money paid for these medicines is returned. The certificate of guarantee given in connection with sales of these medicines is equivalent to a policy of insurance. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all humors and blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings. The "Favorite Prescription" cures all those derangements and weaknesses peculiar to women.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

**House Flies in Winter Quarters.**

I remember once when on a visit in the country, going to the house of a well to do farmer, where I was put to bed in the "spare room," as the guest chamber is generally called. I had learned from experience to go to bed in these rooms with nearly all my clothes on, and after having parted with most of the warmth of my body in partially taking the chill off this particular bed, I began to doze.

I dreamed after a while that I heard the hissing sound of a snake, which seemed to come nearer and nearer, till I felt sure it was in bed with me. I awoke in a cold perspiration, but still the hissing continued and certainly proceeded from the bed, though it now seemed not so much like the noise made by a snake as that made by bumble bees. Rather alarmed now I leaped from the bed, lighted my lamp and tore off the quilts. Nothing out of the way was visible and yet the buzzing continued. I pulled up the edge of the big feather bed, which lay upon a straw mattrass, and there, to my surprise, I saw hundreds of sluggish flies, which had crawled in there to hibernate when cold weather came, and had been thawed out by the heat of my body and the extra warmth that had crept into the room by the door being opened into the hallway of the house. Not wishing to wake anybody, I pulled the feather bed out into the hall and slept on it there for the rest of the night. I opened the window of the room and closed the door on my strange bedfellows, and the frosty atmosphere soon made short work of them.—New York Tribune.

**An Efficient Cavalryman.**

George Williams, who used to be the West Town assessor, is quartermaster of the Second regiment. He was appointed while he was in office, and he made a very handsome figure when he first donned his full dress uniform. One day there came an order for a parade. "Must I turn out?" Williams asked of Col. Wheeler, who was then in command. "Yes," said the colonel. "And must I go on horseback?" was the next question. "Certainly," replied the colonel. Williams wanted to obey orders, but he felt some misgivings. "I have never been on a horse," he said. The colonel told him that it was not too late to learn to ride, and he started off to secure his steed. After the parade the colonel asked Quartermaster Williams how he had progressed. "All right," was the reply. "But I'll tell you on the quiet how it was, although with the confidence I have acquired I think I could ride any sort of a horse. The truth is that I got a street car horse. Inside of my coat I put a bell. I could not draw my sword while in motion, so when I was obliged to do it I reached in and rang my bell once. The horse paused and I drew my sword. Then I rang the bell twice and he went ahead again."—Chicago Herald.

A great many remedies are advertised to bring them before the public, who decides whether the article is good or bad. The good reputation which Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup enjoys is a standing guarantee of its merits. Price only 25 cents.

Laxador is the sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and all digestive disorders. Price 25 cents a package. For sale by all druggists.

**Easter Attractions.**

No one should fail to give us a visit before Easter. An hour spent in our Green Houses will be an hour well spent. Thousands of blooming plants are now ready and looking their best. Special plants for Easter in fine condition. Begonias, Callas, Carnations, Geraniums, Daisies, Forget-me-nots, Hydrangeas, Fuschias, Cinerarias. Grand show of Easter Lilies; also many other beautiful and attractive flowers. Visitors are welcome at all times.

Rose Bushes by the thousand, now in bloom; beautiful shade trees, warranted to live, for the kitchen garden vegetables, plants, lawn grass seed, and grape vines warranted to fruit this year. DEWITT BROS., Pond St., above Walnut, Bristol.

### LICENSE NOT TRANSFERRED.

A special session of court was held on Saturday, March 22d, which day had been especially fixed for hearing the petition of James Blanche for a transfer of his restaurant license in Bristol borough, to a new house in said borough. There was a remonstrance filed. The counsel for the remonstrants took the position that, as the license had been granted in the Third ward of said borough, and that the new place is in the Fourth ward, the Court could not grant the transfer, and that the new place was in a bad location. The Court, after hearing the argument of counsel, decided that it had no power to grant the transfer, and dismissed the petition. Gilkeson & Wright for petition; H. B. Eastburn for remonstrants.

At the same session, the Court gave notice that the following rules had been adopted, to be observed in the granting of restaurant licenses:

1. No license will be granted to a restaurant (or hotel) unless the room where the liquor is to be sold is situated above ground.

2. All licensed restaurant keepers shall keep posted in a conspicious place, within the room where customers are served, a bill of fare stating thereon the kinds of edibles which are kept in the restaurant with the price of the same set opposite thereto.

3. Upon every application for a renewal of a restaurant license and oftner, if required, the applicant shall file with the clerk a copy of the bill of fare which he has kept so posted, together with a statement verified by affidavit, setting forth what kinds of provisions he has kept constantly on hand and in season, and also whether he has kept tea, coffee and milk (and oysters and during what months) for the use and convenience of the public.

4. A failure to comply with the above rules will be regarded as evidence that the restaurant has not been properly kept and is unnecessary. Upon an affidavit being filed with the clerk by any responsible person, alleging a neglect by any licensed restaurant keeper to furnish such person within a reasonable time after being called for, with such edibles as should be supplied in a restaurant, the clerk is directed to issue a rule as of course upon the person charged to show cause why his license shall not be revoked, which rule shall be made returnable at the next adjourned court, and shall be served by the sheriff or other officer or by any person interested.

5. All restaurant licenses hereafter granted shall be subject to revocation at any time by the Court upon satisfactory evidence that suitable edibles are not kept on hand for the use of the public.

March 22, 1890, the above are adopted as additional rules of court. By the Court.

HARMAN YERKES, Presiding Judge.

**Everybody Knows**

That at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other disease may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

*From Richmond, Va.—I sell a great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and find that it gives better satisfaction than any other Cough Syrup.

I. WILSON MOSELEY, Druggist.

"Once upon a midnight dreary," when I tossed so sad and weary, upon my bed half mad with pain a friend bought me a bottle of Salvation Oil. It cured me. I needed this and "nothing more."

**A Valuable Lot of Old Choice Wines.**

Some time since we stopped at Passaic, N. J., and were really surprised to see the amount of Mr. Speer's stock of grape wine on hand; it is almost fabulous. Four storehouses are filled and tiers upon tiers, of casks, up and down stairs, and in some cases huge vats, occupy every available spot, leaving only little alley ways, through which to walk. It is a vast quantity of wine. None is sold until it has acquired the age of four years, and the buildings, 1, 2, 3, and 4, are the first, second, third, and fourth years vintage. Our Druggists have supplies of the oldest of the above wine direct from Mr. Speer.—Paterson Guardian.

*All lovers of flowers are invited to call and see the Fairy Roses, at Harry Chambers' Market Street Greenhouse. You are always welcome.

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

**Grandmother Says!**

When she was a girl that her mother always gave her sulphur and molasses to purify her blood, but she now gives Sulphur Bitters to her grandchildren, as it is the best medicine she ever saw.—The Father.

**Two Years Ago!**

I was a sight to behold and unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years. —W. H. Bowman, Manchester, N. H.

**A Complete Establishment.**

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

**A Family Gathering.**

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why, when a sample bottle bottle is gladly given to you free by any druggist, and the large size costs only 50c and $1.00.

**Card of Thanks**

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1 00.

*Spring Millinery. This season is on a more georgeous plan than formally. Fickle fashion has involved many new things for the feminine head. All orders promptly attended to at Miss A. Sickels, No. 33 Mill street, second floor.

PEACE NOT YET DECLARED.—As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of No 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 9, 12 and 15c gilts.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE, DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O

## New Advertisements.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York City.

### Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE Orphans' Court of the County of Bucks, will be sold at public sale, on the premises, on Saturday, April 19th, 1890, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate of the estate of Thomas Howard, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased, to wit: All those two certain houses and lot of land, situate at the northerly corner of Lake and Headley Sts., in the Borough of Bristol, containing 25 feet in front, on said Lake street, and 105 feet in depth. The improvements consist of two small frame dwelling houses; one house is erected on front of lot, containing 2 rooms on first floor and 2 rooms on second floor. The other is a new house, partially completed, on the rear of the lot, containing one room on first floor and two on second floor. There is also a good well of water on the premises. Conditions made known at sale by

FREDRICK KING, Administrator.

FRANK A. LEVIS,

No. 23 Pond Street, below Penn St.,

DEALER IN

Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Stationery

Try our La Don Cella De Morera Cigar. The best 5 cent Cigar in the market.

Ready | MIXED | Paints

IN EVERY COLOR,

—AND—

Packages from 1 lb. Upwards

A VERY GOOD MIXED PAINT

—OF WHICH—

We have Sold Hundreds of Gallons, without Complaint, as Low as

$1.00 a Gallon!

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE.

## Miscellaneous

### NOTICE.

THE COAL AND WOOD BUSINESS OF the late Charles W. Peirce will be continued as heretofore at the same location, under the management of Joseph S. Peirce as agent for the estate.

HAROLD PEIRCE, Executor<br>JOS. S. PEIRCE, Agt. of Chas. W. Peirce, dec.

### To Rent.

WITH OR WITHOUT POWER, A ROOM in the rear of Pond Street Machine Shop. Apply at S. B. ARDREY & SONS.

### FOR SALE.

BUSINESS STAND AND DWELLING ON Mill Street, Bristol, Pa. Location first-class. Apply to Mrs. Butler, Bath Street, Bristol, Pa., or A. G. Swain, Custom Department John Wanamaker, 13th and Market, Philadelphia.

### An Ordinance

EXTENDING WASHINGTON STREET, FROM WEST CANAL STREET, TO THE DELAWARE DIVISION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CANAL.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, that from and after the passage of this Ordinance, Washington street be, and the same is hereby declared to be extended, laid out and opened, as follows, to wit:

Beginning in the line of the westerly side of West Canal street, and in the line of land of the Bristol Rolling Mill Company and extending thence northwestwardly through and upon land of the Bristol Rolling Mill Company, the distance of one hundred and eight feet, more or less, upon the centre line thereof to the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, and being fifty feet in perpendicular width, and the centre line of the said Washington street, being seventeen feet southwest of the centre line of the said street, as the same now exists from Radcliffe street to Canal street.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber this 10th day of March, A. D., 1890.

WM. P. WRIGHT, Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

**Bordentown and Phila. Line.**

**Steam. Florence**

Leaves Bristol at 8.16 A. M., daily, (Sunday excepted), for Philadelphia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf), at 2.30 P. M. Single fare 25c., excursion tickets, 40c. Freight at low rates, and carefully handled.

**STEAMBOAT COLUMBIA,**

The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 7:30 A. M. and Returning leaves Philadelphia at 2 P. M.

Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.<br>Freight carried at low rates.

### WANTED.

ENERGETIC LADIES AND GENTLEMEN to sell Mark Twain's new and remarkable book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Sold by subscription only. 300 striking illustrations by Dan Beard. One agent sold 35 in five days, another sold 31 in three days, another took 25 in making 30 calls. 20,000 already sold. Choice territory still unoccupied. Address, C. L. WEBSTER & CO., 3 East 14th St. New York.

THE WILLIAM H. MOON CO.

Morrisville, Bucks Co., Pa.,

Nurserymen and Landscape Architects,

offer an immense stock of all kinds

FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL Trees

SHRUBS AND VINES.

A 48-page descriptive Illustrated Catalogue free

Phila. Office, Room 501 Provident Building, 4th and Chestnut Streets.

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC

BRISTOL, Pa.

## Legal Advertisements

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of ROBERT WRIGHT, late of Falls Township, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

ARTHUR C. IVINS,<br>THOMAS C. IVINS,<br>Executors.

or B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & W. S. WRIGHT, Attys.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of JOHN W. BROWN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

J. MILNOR BROWN, Administrator.

or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of ELLEN DOUGHERTY, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.*

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

HUGH McGINLEY, Executor.

or A. WEIR GILKESON, his Attorney.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of CHAS. W. PEIRCE, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.*

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

HAROLD PEIRCE, Executor.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Att'y.

### ESTATE NOTICE

*Estate of CARLIN J. HAMBLETON, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

GEORGE BOOTH, Executor.

or ANTHONY SWAIN, his Attorney.

BRISTOL, January 21st, 1890.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of MARY A. GOSLINE, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A. C. YORK, Administrator

Or ANTHONY SWAIN, his Attorney.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of MARMADUKE R. DOAN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.*

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

HARVEY S. RUE, Administrator.

or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of CATHARINE DOUGHERTY, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

BERNARD J. MURRAY,<br>Administrator c. t. a. durante minoritate.

or A. WEIR GILKESON, Atty.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of DENNIS CALLAHAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

MARGARET CALLAHAN, Administratrix.

or A. WEIR GILKESON, her Attorney.

### Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Partnership lately existing between Philip Winter and Jacob McBrien is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All outstanding accounts are to be collected by Jacob McBrien, and all bills paid by him. The business will hereafter be conducted by Jacob McBrien.

PHILIP WINTERS,<br>JACOB McBRIEN.

## New Advertisements.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

PHILADELPHIA.

EXHIBITION DAYS IN Dress Goods.

In February we made a preliminary announcement of some of the choice dress stuffs which had arrived up to that time, and no announcement ever made by us met with more general response. Since then almost every foreign steamer has brought us large invoices of the latest Parisian novelties as well as great lines of English and German dress goods, which makers of late seem to rival even the French, especially in many lines of goods now much sought after.

The stock of the Spring season may now be said to be complete, particularly Exclusive Novelties, High Art Fabrics, Superb Robes, Choice Imported Dress Patterns and exquisitely fine Plain Stuffs.

Large numbers of these choice creations make their first appearance in America on our counters. Many of them will not be found on other counters all the season, and the aggregate make up a collection which it is safe to say will not be even approached in Philadelphia, nor equalled by any single house either in Europe or America the present season. We are well aware of the broadness of this claim, and we make it not alone on our own judgement, but on the concurrent testimony of well informed and disinterested authorities, as referring to our past exhibits, compared with those of other leading houses abroad and at home. All that we have done in the past, however, is even largely exceeded by the present season's achievements, and we now point with pride to the greatest industrial exhibit in the line of dress goods ever made.

A few leading stuffs are named below, but it is manifest that only a small portion of such a collection can be named in a newspaper card.

There are:

Silk Embroidered Robes,<br>Fine French Dress Patterns,<br>Fancy Bourette Plaids,<br>All-Wool Check Casimirs,<br>Bordered Woollen Corkscrews,<br>Fancy English Mohairs,<br>Silk and Wool Gloriosa,<br>Plain and Fancy Challies,<br>Lace Bordered Sidebands,<br>Fine Wool Clan Plaids,<br>Striped Silk Grenadines,<br>Wool Dotted Nets,<br>Satin Striped Mexicana,<br>Silk and Wool Persian Brocades,<br>Plain and Figured Wool Hernani<br>AND<br>Feather Bordered French Serges.

All desirable styles and colorings of the above and many other textures, are included.

THE GREAT EXHIBIT

comprises

SILK FABRICS

in great variety of assortment, the display of which will be found of equal interest and of unrivalled beauty.

Tartan Plaids in Silks,<br>All the clans correctly represented.

Scotch Plaids<br>In superb assortments for Dresses, Sashes, Trimmings, &c.

Two and Three-Toned Effects,<br>In Colored Bracades and Stripes.

Black and Colored Surahs.

Black Ground Damas,<br>With Pompadour Figures.

Plain Colors in Indias,<br>With Damasse Figures. In both street and evening shades.

Printed and Plain China Silks,

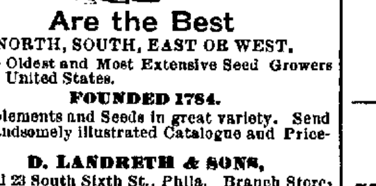
Printed "Rumchunder" Silks,<br>(Genuine India Silks,)

Printed Silk and Wool Bengalines, &c.,

When requested we will cheerfully forward samples of any material desired.

Strawbridge & Clothier,

Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

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PURE PEKIN DUCK EGGS, 75 CTS. PER setting of 11. M. H. IREDELL.

## Miscellaneous

"NOW WE HAVE GOT THEM!"

We have received part of our SPRING STOCK which we will sell at remarkably low prices. Among our stock will be found French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, 25c., 30c. and 50c.; fine Striped Shirts and Drawers, 50c. Men's Fancy Shirts, 50c. to $1.25; Boys' Fancy Shirts, 40c. and 50c.; Jean Drawers, 35c. and 50c. We have also a full line of Celluloid, Paper and Linen Collars. Also, a fine assortment of Ties.

We have over 300 samples of Spring and Summer Goods that we will make to order. Pants from $3 to $10; Suits from $12 to $30.

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

YOST & STEPHEN, 34 MILL STREET.

ABOUT PRINTING.

WE desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Job Department of the "Bucks County Gazette" is better equipped than any printing office in Bristol, or in the lower end of the county, in all material that is needed to produce excellent printing.

It contains the largest assortment of type, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four different sizes of presses, of the best makes, which perform the work in the best manner, and print with rapidity.

Artistic ✻ Printing!

Fine Color Work

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cardboard and cut cards is large and varied, and the whole is under the personal and direct supervision of Geo. R. Sherman, an experienced and practical workman.

Special attention is given to printing of sale bills. Work of this character we make a point of getting done on the same day that it is ordered. Visiting and business cards, envelopes, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, posters, letter and bill-heads, books, pamphlets and all other printing done promptly and correctly. Mourning stationery kept constantly on hand.

Printing in Colors a Specialty.

Presses Run by Steam Power.

Full Count on all Jobs Guaranteed.

*Prices the Lowest. Liberal discounts given on large orders. We do more Printing and have better facilities than the other offices in Bristol combined, and consequently we have the trade, and are determined to keep it. Give the office a call and be convinced.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,

Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. of Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.

The Irving Range,

Is one of the Finest Ranges in the Market. Is in use by many housekeepers hereabout

They are Neat, Durable, Cheap.

We do first-class Roofing and Spouting.

LEWIS J. BEVIN,

No. 10 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

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JAMES H. BIRCH,

MANUFACTURER OF

—LIGHT—

Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

BURLINGTON, N. J., U. S. A.

It is with much pleasure that I inform my old customers and those interested in Carriages that I have added another large factory in connection with my business, and now have one of the Largest Warerooms in the State, where I have at all times the following list of Carriages and Wagons: Buggies, Ladies' and Doctors' Phætons, Extension Top Phætons, Six-Passenger Extensions, Jump Seats and Light Jenny Linds, Russian Surries, (and other styles), Spindle Wagons and Buckboards in Natural Wood finish, all styles of Canopy Tops, Germantowns, with and without doors; Butcher, Delivery, Huckster and Jaggar Wagons and Carts, with all the novelties in Springs and Gentlemen's Pleasure and Driving Wagons. I have made great improvements in all my work for 1890.

What others offer you is not my business, except, by the law of competition, I am required to give you as ample return for your money as any one else if I expect your trade; that I know I am prepared to do, but I must satisfy you also.

Think this over and look into it before you purchase your work for 1890; if you question this, give me a chance to prove it, by coming to see my work or sending sample order. On all my work for 1890 I put a Tire-bolt through the felloe between each spoke.

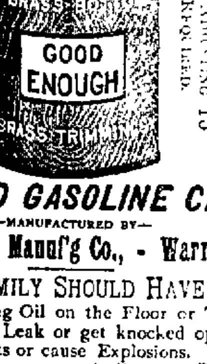
I use all the Standard Springs, viz.: Brewster, Timken, King, Dexter, Thomas Coil and all the Duplex Novelties, also Steel Axles and Tires.

I have constantly on hand a large assortment of Harness of all kinds, also an immense stock of Sleighs for the general trade.

Send for Catalogue of General Variety of our Work.

THE "GOOD ENOUGH" FAMILY

THE MOST PRACTICAL LARGE CAN ON THE MARKET. HAS HEAVY BRASS BOTTOM, AND WILL OUTWEAR THREE ALL TIN CANS.




LAMPS ARE FILLED DIRECT BY THE PUMP WITHOUT LIFTING CAN. THE FILLING TUBE ADJUSTS TO HEIGHT REQUIRED.

OIL AND GASOLINE CAN!

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EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE

No Dropping Oil on the Floor or Table. No Faucet to Leak or get knocked open to waste Contents or cause Explosions. Pump and Can close automatically AIR TIGHT. No Leakage—No Evaporation AND ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

A Universal Household Necessity

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GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!

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F. I. WHITNEY,<br>Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,<br>GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY,<br>St. Paul, Minn.

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## THE OLD HOME.

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elms bending o'er it,
The homestead with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it,
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden doorstep, old and worn;
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting shadows
On distant fields of rustling, ripening corn.

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting,
With leather covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet faced mother listens, as she lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is said,
Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O, happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest!
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving,
And clasp fond mem'ry's pictures to our breast.

Shall we ever in that country, the bright and glorious heaven,
Win back the simple innocence and bliss
We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at even,
We received our angel mother's good night kiss?

—Good Housekeeping.

## THE FIDDLER'S DAUGHTER.

"Couples ter their places! Git aroun' thar, Buck Johnson, ef yer goin' ter daince—Honab yer pahdnah; objict ther same—jine hands an' circle ther hall—an' circle ther hall!"

Keen and shrill as the notes of a frightened jay rang the opening chords of the "Arkansaw Traveler," drawn from the gayly ribboned violin, by the deft fingers of "Old Brisbane," who had furnished the music for all the Snake Ridge "shindigs" from time immemorial; "ting-aling-ting," from the flying knitting needles with which "Widder Thompson's Jim" was "knockin'" a rude accompaniment on the same instrument; "thumpity thump," as heavily shod feet rattled on the uneven floor—and the Christmas 'ball" was fairly under way.

"Promenay single, back agin. One at er time—one at er time," sang, rather than called, the gray bearded Brisbane, following his usual custom of "dewin' his own promptin'." "Trot aroun' thar lively, you feller fr m Pond Crick. Git a reg'lar Swiss movement on ye, an'—Fust foah, foh'd an' back! Foh'd up, an' right an' lef' through! Git over on that side, Molly Ann Meeks! Lady chain; chain-a-back; sling 'em right an' lef' an' poun' sand!"

"Jes' see 'em knockin' ther backstep," exclaimed my companion, as we stopped just outside the door and looked in upon the merrymakers. "See that feller in ther blue shirt and big boots? He had a pow'rful chill this a'ternoon; I seed 'im about an hour by sun, an' he was [illegible] up with fever. Don't look much like it now, duz he?"

He surely did not. It was his turn to "forward and back," and with proudly erect head, one hand on his hip, and the other extended as high as his rather diminutive partner could reach with her finger tips, he was executing a complicated step, half way between a "double shuffle" and a series of crow hops. "Ben allus did beat thar Jews ter daince," continued my guide, with no attempt to conceal his admiration, "pears like it comes nateral fer him ter sling them big feet of his'n. Shucks! Ef I c'u'd on'y daince that way I'd never dew nothin' else."

"Who is the young lady who is dancing with him?"

"'Rinda Brisbane, she's ther fiddler's gal. Ev'ybody thinks a heap of that little ole gal. Purtiest gal on Snake Ridge, I think; blest if I don't!"

"Fust lady ter ther right, an' cut 'er mighty fine," vociferated the fiddler; and the long, quivering bow leapt across the strings with renewed vigor, while the keen, gray eyes, sparkling amidst a tangled wilderness of bristling beard and dangling forestop, critically noted the lithe movements of Molly Ann Meeks—the "fust lady" in question. "Swing 'em, ef yer want tew, and cheat 'im of yer kin!"

With enticing grace the agile dancer floated, for an instant, almost in reach of my friend of the blue shirt, sprang forward, with extended arms, and then, with a mocking bow, darted aside, and back to her own partner, who "swung her" with rude courtesy, and escorted her on to the third gent, who had already prepared for her coming by backing out into the circle and commencing a very awkward but energetic war dance in honor of her arrival.

"Did you see that?" queried a bystander anxiously.

"Cheated Ben Coffee!" muttered my companion, in almost breathless excitement. "Don't that beat yet?"

"Thought Ben an' Molly had done made it up ter marry?" remarked a third. "What's wrong now, I wonder?"

"It's all on account of that Brisbane gal"—eagerly asserted an elderly lady, who had lighted her corn cob pipe and stationed herself in the doorway. "I knowed thar'd be trouble when Ben tuk 'Rinda on ther floor fer the first dance. Molly Ann ain't goin' ter be run over by no sich trash as them Brisbanes. It don't run in ther Meek's fam'ly ter play second fiddle ter nobody."

"I reckon Ben kin dance with who he pleases," muttered the stalwart youth who had accompanied me from the little hotel at Snake Ridge Village. "Course he'd rather daince with 'Rinda, ev'y time! Anybody would—an' so would I! 'Rinda is a nice little gal, ef she has bin off ter skule; thar hain't a nicer one in Arkansaw—nowhar."

I left him arguing the case with the garrulous old dame, and crowded my way through the room to the fiddler's side. He acknowledged the presence of a stranger with a slight nod, and moved along on the rude bench in order that I might be seated.

"'Second gal dance as purty as she kin!'—Evenin' stranger. Take a seat—swing that man in ther staked an' ridered shirt! Looks a little like rain outside I reckon—po'rful big ring aroun' the moon las' night—'Balance ter ther nex'—Hope it'll keep dry tell I gether my corn—'Swing him ef yer love 'im—an' git my house re-kivered, bekase—'Balance ter Bill Jackson, thar'—the ole house leaks like a sifter—'Swing 'im ef ye hev tew. Swing yer honey, an' all corn bread!'"

I was, as it chanced, a fair performer on the clarinet, and had my favorite instrument with me.

As it caught Brisbane's eye he nodded his head in approval.

"Chip in," he exclaimed, as he started the third lady on her trip around the circle. "This ere ole shell is tuned ter concert pitch; I allus keep 'er thar. Put on a full head of steam an' make 'er toot lively."

The first blast on the "leetle hawn," as one of the bystanders at once termed it, drew the attention of everybody in the room. The "Widder Thompson's Jim" stopped "knockin'" the strings and dropped his knitting needles in surprise, while dancers and spectators alike favored me with stares of surprised interest. In the entire assembly I noted but one exception to the general rule, 'Rinda Brisbane, "the fiddler's little ole gal," as my companion had lately termed her—my own demure little 'Rinda—gave one startled glance in my direction, and then her eyes dropped, and I could discern a wave of color sweep over her face.

She had been expecting my coming, but not so soon; and the notes of the clarinet, so familir to her ear in the bright, beautiful days of the past summer, had been to her the first intimation of my presence.

Our eyes met, for an instant, but that was the only sign of recognition on the part of either. I restrained my desire to rush to her side, and turned my attention strictly to my duties as assistant musician. My sole business on this particular occasion was to propitiate a "stern and unrelenting parent," and I was determined to let nothing whatever swerve me from my purpose.

Old Brisbane seemed delighted with the slight assistance I offered him; patted his foot with renewed vigor, leaned his head farther to the left, and the long bow swept the strings with a multitude of grandiloquent curves and gestures. Despite the frequent occurrence of various twists and turns, not originally found in the score of the "Arkansaw Traveler," I had but little difficulty in following his version of the tune, greatly to the satisfaction of all those within hearing.

"That's what I call music!" announced one gaudily attired maiden, who had crowded up as close to my side as the spreading legs of the bench would permit. "Them kin talk about thar French harps that want tew, but, shucks! they hain't a patchin'."

"What sort of a binged ole whistle is it, anyway?" queried a bystander. "Never seed nuthin' like it afore."

"I hev," sententiously replied another. "Uncle Pete, up ter Newport hed one. Called it olymarjereen, so he did."

And so the unique remarks continued to drop around in my hearing; and the first half of the long "change" was completed. Then the "gents" took their turn at balancing and swinging, and presently something transpired that caused me to view the scene with particular interest.

In the "set" were two gaunt, overgrown youths, whom, from their general likeness to the affronted Molly Ann Meeks, I had concluded to be her brothers; and, while it is conceded as one of the unwritten laws of politeness that no "feller" shall slight a lady on the ballroom floor, of all places in the world, both of these young gentlemen, eager to take up their sister's quarrel, pointedly refused to swing the innocent cause of all this trouble and heartburning, "balancing" unconcernedly before her, and then, at the last instant, declining her outstretched hand and leaving her, with an exaggerated bow, meant to convey a world of disdain and contempt.

I could hardly have restrained my anger at this, but I saw, by the happy, careless laugh that wreathed my darling's features, that her thoughts were too full of a more delightful subject to allow passing events to trouble her in the least. Therefore I could watch the little drama with the silent amusement of an unconcerned spectator.

Glancing at Brisbane, I could see that he had noted it all, and was chafing like a caged lion.

"It's them Meekses," he said. He caught my eye and interpreted my thoughts aright. "Ornery whelps! Th'ar' mad bekase my Rinda is dancin' with that feller, Ben Coffee. Jes' see how black Molly Ann looks—an' half the fellers here are mad, tew, fer th'ar' all Meekses, mighty nigh."

I nodded to intimate that I understood. I would have spoken, but in order to keep up with the violin I must needs use my breath for another purpose. Just then I overheard a loud remark, close to my elbow, from a third possessor of the Meeks physiognomy.

"In my bringin' up," he said, in loud, supercilious tones, "nobody played the fiddle but ole niggers. Nowadays the poor white trash hez tuk up ther trade."

Brisbane made a balk in time, missed two or three notes, and jumbled the rest of the bar together promiscuously. A moment later Meeks spoke again:

"Oh, yes, ole Brisbane used ter be more of a gentleman, but guzzling whisky hez about laid him out."

The violin was mute, but I kept "time" going for an instant longer.

"Got a mighty purty gal," remarked another voice.

"Oh, yes, sneeringly; "'Rinda Brisbane is purty enough, I allow, but then"——

The voice ceased, for I had whirled around and caught the speaker by the throat.

"Take Miss Brisbane's name on your tongue again and I will tear it out by the roots," I shouted, furious with anger.

Meeks shook himself loose from my grasp and stepped back a pace.

"Who're ye talkin' tew, little boy?" he queried, looking down at me from the height of his six feet four. "Reckon you must be another one of 'Rinda's sugar lumps, or you wouldn't"——

Thump! Despite his height I managed to plant a blow between Meeks' snaky eyes, and he measured his length on the floor.

Brisbane caught me by the shoulder and pulled me violently back. His eyes were flaming with anger and his gleaming teeth shone like wolf fangs in the shadow of the gray mustache.

"Stan' back, young feller," he said grimly; "this is my fight, an' not yourn. Ef they want a tussle with ther ole man, they kin hev it, I guess. Come on, ye cowardly skunks! Thar's forty Meeks tew one Brisbane, but he ain't afeared! Come tew me, an' feel the size of ole Kernul Bowie!"

I could see that his right hand gripped the handle of a knife—the blade being concealed in his sleeve. I saw Meeks staggering to his feet and the crowd closing in, and I mechanically grasped the revolver in my coat pocket.

At that moment there was a halt in proceedings. A newcomer crowded through the throng, parting them right and left; a tall, portly person whom I had encountered a few hours before and now recognized with delight—Sam Morley, the jolly hearted "justice" of Snake Ridge.

"Hold on a minute, boys," he called cheerily. "I hate to interrupt a fair fight, but I am here on special business, and I'm in a sort of a hurry to get it over with."

"Must be pow'rful pressin'," grumbled the angry fiddler.

"Quite so," replied the 'squire. "Besides, I have already got my fee—and a fat one, too, and it is only fair that I should earn it at once."

He drew from an inner pocket a folded paper, and looked at me inquiringly. "Is it all right?"

I hesitated; then suddenly I caught a glimpse of a face in the background—a rosy, radiant face, suffused with blushes—and I nodded a quick assent.

"Then hear ye, all people," shouted the jovial Morley, holding the document aloft, in full view of the puzzled, attentive throng; "I have here a marriage license, drawn with all the formalities of law, by which I am authorized to unite in wedlock Richard Sherwin and Marinda Brisbane. Are the parties present?"

With a peculiar, half frightened sensation at my heart I made a step forward, and then I felt a little, soft hand nestled confidingly within my palm.

"Anybody able to produce any half way decent objection to this match? If so, speak now, for it's your last and only chance."

Every eye was turned upon old Brisbane's weather beaten visage. In evident perplexity his eyes wandered from his daughter's face to mine, then over the assembled crowd; until, by chance, they rested upon the discolored bruise that now was plainly visible on the forehead of big Tony Meeks. Then the old man's face lighted with a smile of satisfaction.

"Go ahead, 'square," he said calmly. "Ef I hed forty gals that feller cud have his pick of the lot."

Every man in the room was perfectly cognizant of the old fellow's reasons for so saying. No reward was too great for him who had caused the downfall of a Meeks. Still, no one expressed any signs of disapproval, and when the ceremony was over, Molly Ann Meeks was the first to offer congratulations.

"Sech a surprise," she simpered, "I never was so beat in my life. And I dew hope as how Mister Sherwin will settle down somewar clus, so me'n' 'Rinda kin be together a heap."

And, freed from all fear of losing the affections of the amiable Ben Coffee, Miss Meeks insisted on "dancing the next set" with me, and took particular pains to introduce me to her numerous relations; prominent among the number was my late antagonist, who vied with his sister in extravagant congratulation on my good luck at gaining such a treasure as "'Rinda, the fiddler's little ole gal."—S. D. Barnes in The Yankee Blade.

### What It Costs to Stop a Train.

C. C. Rainwater, chief engineer of the Wabash railroad, discussing the question of railroad management, said: "Did you ever consider what is the actual cost of stopping a train? I have been in the railroad business since I was a boy, and the question never seriously occurred to me until one day in a lawsuit at St. Louis, when the question came up. John C. Garrett, general manager of the Wabash, testified on the stand that the cost of stopping an ordinary passenger train at a way station was 70 cents. Being cross-examined, he admitted that a certain train running between East St. Louis and Toledo was paying his company about $1 per mile, and being further questioned as to the number of stops made on the road, it was established that if it cost 70 cents for each stop, this paying train, as Mr. Garrett called it, lost money to the extent of twice its operating expenses. The decision of the jury in the case was based on the conclusion that it cost about 50 cents in wear and tear and time to stop an ordinary passenger train at a way station, and I believe they were about right."—New York Star.

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## Miscellaneous

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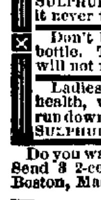

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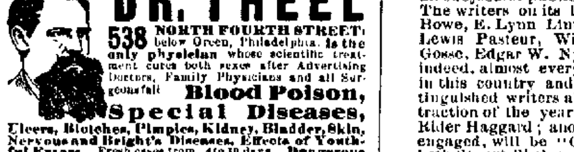


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## Miscellaneous

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**Terence V. Powderly,** "Restriction of Immigration."
**Chauncey M. Depew, Senator John J. Ingalls, Mrs. John A. Logan, Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton and others,** topics not announced.
**Albert Griffin,** "Temperance Among Germans;" a new view.
**Judge A. W. Tourgee,** "The Colored Race in America."
**S. C. T. Dodd,** "The Advantages of Trusts."
**"Josiah Allen's Wife,"** "The Small Salaries of Country Clergymen."
**Senator Wm. M. Stewart,** of Nevada, "Unlimited Silver Coinage."
**Fred S. Tallmadge,** on "Men of the Revolution."
**Kate Field,** "Mormon Question."
**Erastus Wiman,** "Success and Failure Among Business Men."
**Rev. Edward Everett Hale,** "The New England of To-Day."
**Bishop Henry C. Potter,** "Rural Reinforcement of City Population."
**Geo. W. Cable,** on "Some Strange Legislation in the South."
**Marshall P. Wilder,** "Humor of England and America."
* * * * * "Evils of Trusts."
**Henry W. Grady,** of the Atlanta Constitution, "Chances for Capital in the New South."
**I. C. Russell,** United States Geological Survey, "Highest Peaks of the United States."
**W. M. Grosvenor,** "Gold and Silver as Money."
**L. E. Quigg,** "What is Left of Our Public Lands."
**Emily Huntington,** "Household Science."
**Ernest Whitney,** "Peculiarities of American Pronunciation."
**Prof. William Pepper,** President of University of Pennsylvania, "A college education good for all; what is best for those who cannot get it."
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☞ Other contributors will be announced hereafter. The articles will cost many thousands of dollars and appear in the Tribune only.

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The Tribune will also print, in addition to its regular G. A. R. and S. of V. page, a number of entertaining Stories of Actual Experience in the War, not less than 25 in number, each a page of The Tribune in length, by privates and officers of the Union, of a rank not higher than that of captain. Veterans are invited to contribute to this series of stories. Every tale accepted will be paid for at regular newspaper rates. Prizes of $250, $150 and $75 will be paid for the best three. Manuscripts must be enclosed to "The Tribune, New York," and inscribed "Soldiers' Department."

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FOR

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### 1890.

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*Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of* HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ELY'S

Cream Balm

**Cleanses the Nasal Passages.**

**Allays Pain and Inflammation.**

**Heals the Sores.**

**Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.**

Try the Cure

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

## Miscellaneous

# T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

## BEST BRANDS OF

# Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

## No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district: "CIGARRON", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCALLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR,

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

**"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY,"** The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market. **"THE CAPTAIN,"** The same price and equally good in quality.

**"DELICIOSOS,"** Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**Have You Read**

—THE—

# Philadelphia Times

**This Morning?**

**The Times** is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

**The News of the World.** THE TIMES has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all the quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a newspaper with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

**The Sunday Edition** is not only a complete newspaper, but a Magazine of Popular Literature. Its sixteen large pages, clearly printed and attractively illustrated, contain as much good literature, by the foremost writers of the world, as any of the popular monthlies. Some of the newspapers in New York, Boston and Chicago print a greater number of pages upon Sunday, but these are for the most part occupied with advertisements. The merchants in those cities concentrate nearly all their advertising in the Sunday papers, while in Philadelphia they have found it more advantageous to advertise on week days as well.

**Contributors** to the Sunday edition of THE TIMES include many of the foremost names in contemporary literature, both American and European. Its contents cover the whole field of human interest with all that is freshest and best in

| | |
|---|---|
| POLITICS | FICTION |
| LITERATURE | POETRY |
| SCIENCE | ART |
| SOCIETY | DRAMA |
| FASHION | MUSIC |
| THE HOUSEHOLD | HUMOR |
| LABOR | SPORT |
| ATHLETICS | CHESS |
| RACING | YACHTING |
| ROWING | CRICKET |
| BASE BALL | FOOT-BALL |
| &c. &c. | &c. &c. |

**Our Boys and Girls**—No other newspaper gives the same careful attention to the needs and tastes of young readers. The page devoted especially to them commands the services of the best writers and is edited with scrupulous care, with the aim of making it entertaining and instructive and helpful to the sound education as well as to the pure amusement of both big and little boys and girls.

**The Illustrations** of THE TIMES are recognized as the very best printed in any daily newspaper, and with the elegance of typography for which THE TIMES is noted, add to its popularity among all classes of readers.

**THE TIMES** aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper.

**Specimen Copies** of any edition will be sent free to anyone sending their address.

**Terms**—DAILY, $3 per annum; $1 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week; SUNDAY EDITION—sixteen large, handsome pages—128 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday $4 per annum; 50 cents per month. Weekly edition, $1 per annum.

Address all letters to

**THE TIMES.**
PHILADELPHIA

# THOUSANDS

Of people are looking for a present for some bright boys or girls. They will soon find that a year's subscription to SANTA CLAUS, the new illustrated young folks' weekly, is the best of all presents, for it is fifty-two gifts in one. It wakes up the duller children, and makes the bright ones still brighter, for they all like it.

# $1200

Offered annually in cash prizes, open to all subscribers, for industrial and other work. $120 may be won on any first prize. Send for particulars.

**ALL THE BEST WRITERS**

And artists contribute to SANTA CLAUS. Here are some of them: Andrew Carnegie, Hezekiah Butterworth, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Will Carleton, David Ker, J. T. Trowbridge, Palmer Cox, President C. M. Woodward, Joseph Pennell, J. Carter Beard, and Howard Pyle.

**TEACHERS**

Find the short practical talks on every-day topics a valuable aid in the school-room. No excuse now for dull language lessons. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Send for Free Sample Copies and information to

## SANTA CLAUS,

3 Cooper Union, New York. 1113 Market St., Phila. 3 Tremont Place, Boston.

SANTA CLAUS CO., Limited.

# WILLIAM GRACE'S

**New York Wall Paper Store.**

A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.

# -:DO YOU WANT THE EARTH ?:-

—WHEN—

# "The World"

## CAN BE HAD FOR $1.

# The New York World

**Is the Giant Among Newspapers.**

Total Circulation of the 1581 North American Dailies, **1,782,690,000.**

Total Circulation of THE WORLD, 1889, (estimated), **120,000,000.**

"The World's" one-fifteenth of all Combined.

| | |
|---|---|
| Daily Circulation of 1,580 Newspapers, | 5,372,873 |
| Daily Circulation of THE WORLD, | 340,977 |

## How the World Has Grown:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1882 | 8,151,157 |
| 1883 | 12,235,238 |
| 1884 | 28,519,785 |
| 1885 | 51,241,267 |
| 1886 | 70 126,041 |
| 1887 | 83,389,828 |
| 1888 | 104,473,650 |
| 1889. (Estimated) | 120,000,000 |

## The NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD

Is the Best and Biggest Newspaper on the North American Continent.

A Popular Book published in and given with each issue. ☞ Subscription price $1.00 per year of 52 numbers. Six months' subscription, 26 numbers, 50 cents. Three months' subscription, 13 numbers, 25 cents.

# THE HOTEL EASTMAN,

**HOT SPRINGS, ARK.**

The largest and finest **RESORT HOTEL** in America, with the finest Bath Houses in the world connected, will open (under management of O. G. BARRON, of White Mountain Hotels) for season of 1890, January 15th. Tickets should be bought via. St. Louis and Iron Mountain & Southern R. R.

## Miscellaneous

# STOVES AND TINWARE.

## T. B. DOUGLASS.

## No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

**Metaline Brilliant,**

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

## TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

# Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

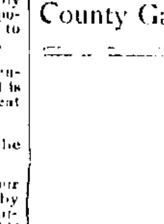
**Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.**

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS,

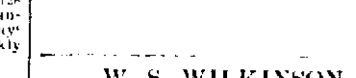
Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOS. SHERMAN. WM. C. PEIRCE




**One of the BEST Telescopes in the World.** Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

# FREE



about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from **$3 to $10** a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

# FRANK S. MOSS,

## PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,

I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

CANAL ST., bet. WASHINGTON & DORRANCE, BRISTOL, PA.

Now is the time to send in your Job Work to the Bucks County Gazette Office.

W. S. WILKINSON,

## AIR TIGHT WEATHER STRIPS

**BRISTOL, Pa.**

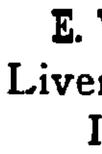
Address a postal card to P. O. Box 234, and your orders will receive prompt attention.

# MRS. JOHN HEAD,

## No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.

## Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.



# DR. J. T. STRADLING,

## DENTIST,

No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna.

# R. BUSEMAN,

# BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY

**AND ICE CREAM SALOON,**

Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.

**Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.**

# E. W. MINSTER'S

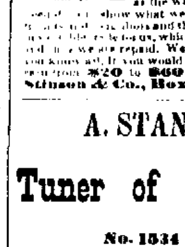
# Livery Stable and Ice Depot,

## Pond Street, near Market Street

**BRISTOL, PA.**

NEW CARRIAGES, GOOD DRIVING HORSES, Single and Double Teams. Careful Drivers furnished when desired. ☞ Closed Cabs for Weddings or Funerals.

**ICE.** Best Quality Silver Lake Ice supplied at depot or delivered to any address within the borough limits. Orders promptly attended to.




**FREE.** OUR NEW $85 Solid Gold Watch. Worth **$100.00**. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, are **free.** All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from **$20 to $60** per week and upwards. Address, **Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.**

# A. STANKOWITCH,

# Tuner of Piano Fortes,

**No. 1534 Vine Street,**

## PHILADELPHIA.

ORDERS LEFT AT THE "GAZETTE" OFFICE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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